Together

PACIFIC SCHOOL

Brainwork for God—at Home

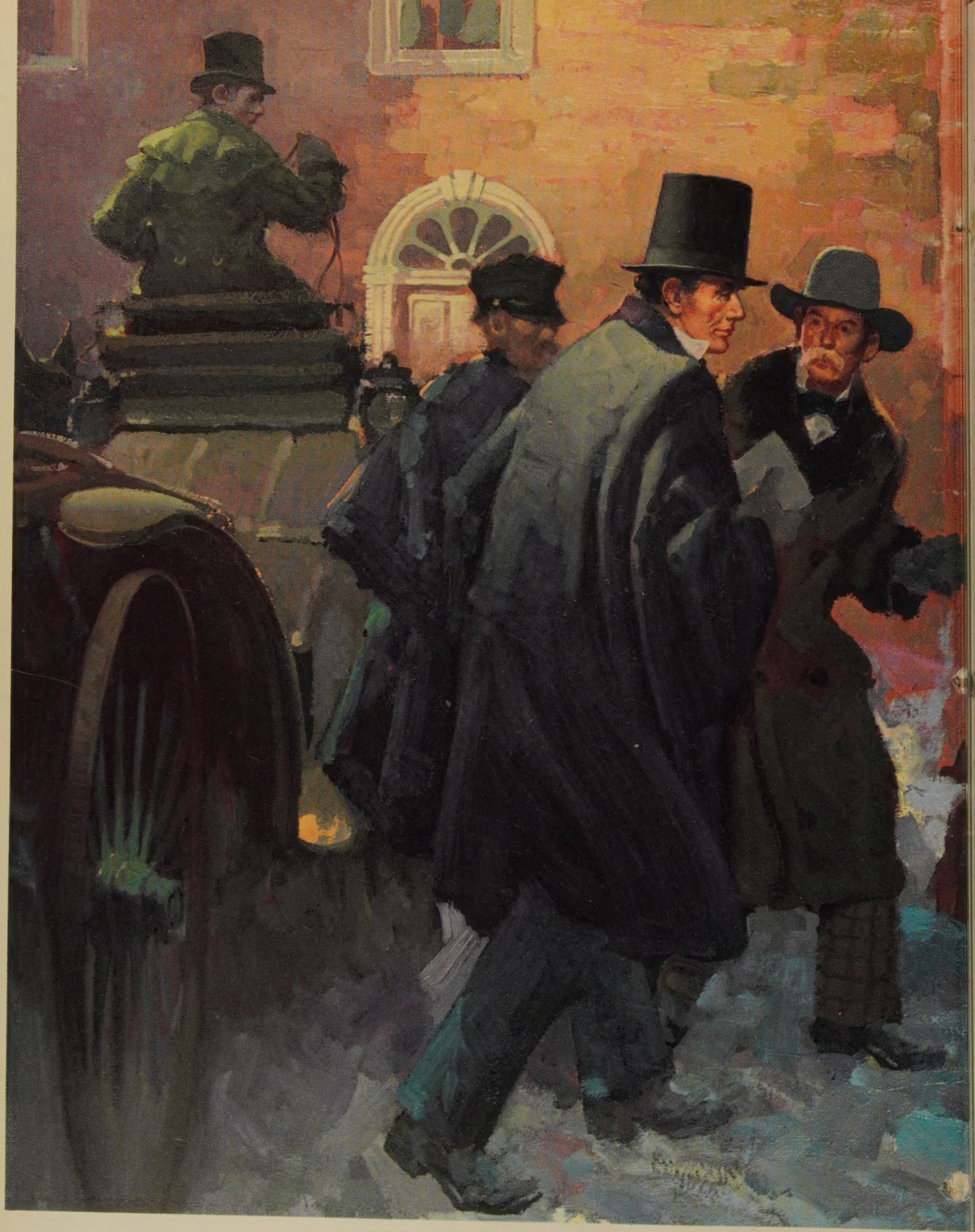
In Color: The Natchez Trace

Should We Censor Movies?

Midmonth Magazine for Methodist Families February 1961

Mrs. Yusuf Ali and babe who live in Palestine

(See page 25)



Mr. Lincoln At Five Points Mission

IT IS SUNDAY AFTERNOON, February 26, 1860, in a New York City slum. A tall stranger comes up to speak in a gentle voice to the homeless waifs at Methodism's Five Points Mission. "I thought of the time I had been pinched by poverty," he later recalled. "I remembered

Together / SAN FRANCISCO Area *NEWS* Edition

FEBRUARY, 1961

National Council Meets In San Francisco

More than 100 official Methodist delegates, several from the California-Nevada Conference, participated in the triennial General Assembly of the National Council of Churches of Christ in America, in San Francisco in December.

The NCCC is the co-operating agency of 33 Protestant and Orthodox church bodies which claims a combined membership of 39 million. Its work is accomplished through four divisions: Christian Education, Christian Life and Work, Foreign Missions, and Home Missions.

In the December 7 plenary session the General Committee on Program and Field Operation called on the council to make intensive long-range plans to do something about "the plight of the individual in today's world" and how the church's program should be changed to cope with changes in the American way of life.

What all this means to the churches, the report said, is that "we have to discover all over again what it means to save a man's soul in our day." Other implications:

1. The church must be renewed. "There will have to be a 'new reformation.'"

2. Laymen must be involved. "There is need for laymen to discover again that they are the church."

3. More effective Christian witness. "The need is for Christians to give convincing living witness to the world."

4. Need for Christian unity. "Church leaders are thinking seriously about unity and are distressed by the situation in which they find themselves."

Adoption of the proposal for long-range planning, a spokesman said, "would mark the addition of a new dimension to ecumenical activity in the United States."

California-born Bishop G. Bromley Oxnam received a standing ovation before his principal address on *Christian Witness in an Age of Revolution.* He has served both as President of the NCCC and of the Council of Bishops of The Methodist Church.

J. Irwin Miller, Indiana industrialist was elected president of the NCCC for the next three years. He is the first layman elected to the post. The new vice-president is Methodist Bishop John Wesley Lord of Washington, D.C.

Dr. Norman L. Conard, minister of Glide Memorial Church, San Francisco, was chairman of the committee on arrangements for the six-day meeting.

For Courage and Poise

Proposed by the Rev. Robert Moon of First Church, Fresno, the Methodist delegation at the NCCC Assembly dispatched telegrams to Methodist leaders in New Orleans expressing "gratitude for their persistent courage and poise" during the school integration crisis there. The messages went to the Rev. L. A. Foreman, pastor of St. Mark's Methodist Church, and to officials of his church. Foreman has escorted his daughter and other children to a newly integrated school in the face of picketing and severe heckling by segregation proponents. His home was also damaged by demonstrators.

Dr. Dillon W. Throckmorton of Modesto, Western Division Director for Heifer Project, Inc., who provided one of the outstanding displays at the National Council of Churches Assembly in San Francisco, examines calf loaned for exhibit by David Geiger, Future Farmer, Pleasanton High School Agriculture Department.

Earl Lectures Set

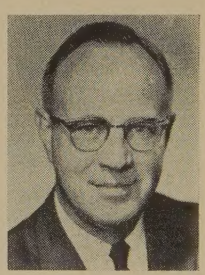
The 60th annual Earl Lectures sponsored by the Pacific School of Religion, together with the 39th annual Pastoral Conference, will be presented February 7-9 in Berkeley.

Three distinguished leaders of thought are billed: Dr. H. H. Farmer, Cambridge University professor of divinity; Dr. Merrimon Cuninggim, director-designate of the Danforth Foundation, St. Louis; and Dr. Vere V. Loper, a former moderator of the General Council of Congregational Christian Churches, but known and loved in the west more for his long pastorate at the First Congregational Church, Berkeley, of which he now is minister emeritus.

Dr. Farmer will give a series of three morning lectures on the theme, *Christ Our Reconciliation.* Dr. Cuninggim lectures in the evenings on *The Protestant Stake in Education.* Dr. Loper is worship leader.

Seven morning classes and six afternoon seminars are also available for selection by the 1,200 ministers and laymen who will attend, coming from 10 western states and Canada, and representing 24 denominations.

Mr. Farmer



Mr. Cuninggim

Four-Year Program Outlined at Chicago

A nine-fold, four-year program for The Methodist Church, based on the unqualified declaration that *Jesus Christ Is Lord,* was set in motion by 1,000 leaders, ministers and laymen, at a national meeting in Chicago.

Nearly all of the 572 district superintendents of the Church, its 44 bishops, and many chairmen of Annual Conference Commission on Promotion and Cultivation, and World Service and Finance heard the quadrennial plans for Meth-

odism's mission in the world today. Bishop Donald H. Tippett headed the San Francisco Area delegation and presented the emphasis on recruitment for Christian vocations, one of the nine fronts on which the Christian advance will be pressed.

"We must enlist for the expanding ministries of the church 2,000 persons each year," Bishop Tippett revealed. In addition to more than a thousand needed annually just to fill the gaps left by retirement and death, the bishop described added personnel needs arising from new churches, churches expanding their staffs of ministers, and ministers for special appointments, as chaplains, editors, executives, etc.

Other fronts in the four-year action program: advance of the church through personal witness and evangelistic outreach; establishment of 1,600 new congregations just to keep Methodism growing as fast as U. S. population; organizing of over 17,000 new church schools, with every district of the church searching for the places they are needed; revitalization of Methodism in the "inner city"; special emphasis on the leadership and program for small churches, both town and country; strengthening of church-campus ties through a more vital evangelistic impact—relevant to the campus experience—among students and faculty of Methodist colleges and student centers; new focus of attention upon the Christian family and family worship; organization and utilization of a Commission on Christian Social Concerns in every local church; total Methodist support for missionary outreach, based on a clearer understanding of the nature and validity of the church today; and wider acceptance of complete Christian stewardship.

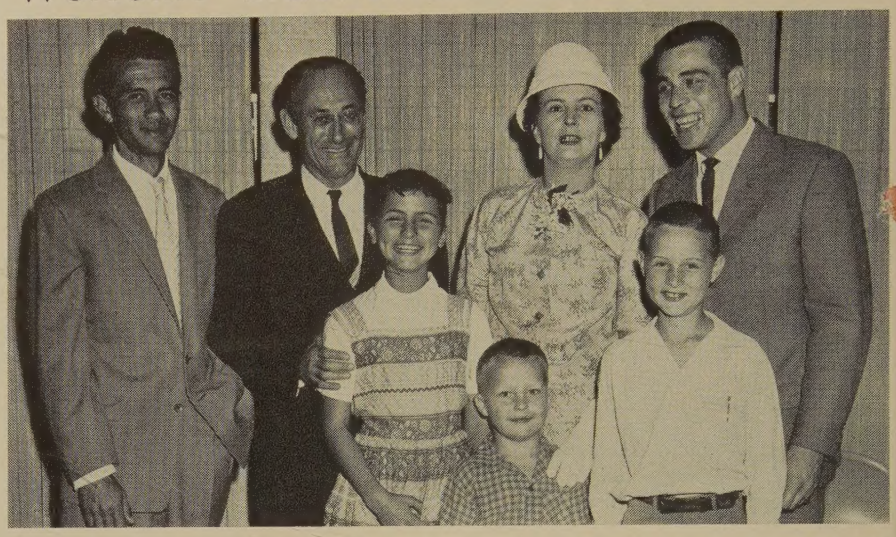
Every delegate to the Chicago convocation spent many hours in discussion-research groups exploring the ways and means of getting this program "off the ground" in Methodist churches across America. Then each bishop assembled the superintendents of his episcopal area for a review of the proceedings in terms of the needs of the area.

The convocation was concluded at a worship service where the sermon was delivered by Dr. R. Marvin Stuart, minister of First Church, Palo Alto. Among his penetrating observations, he said:

"I fear we Christians have lost the challenge of the great commission ('Go ye into all the world . . .') in our search for security.

"We have lost our concern for the gospel in our fright of communism. We ought to be concerned about communism, but certainly we have underrated the most effective means of combating it. The world is in revolution and we have not yet devised the strategy that is going to win the peoples for Christ and save them from communism. . . . Christianity is the most revolutionary movement in the world, and the tragedy is that in a revolutionary world the church has often seemed a reactionary."

Welcome Indonesian Families to Area



These Dutch-Indonesians are sponsored by the Healdsburg Federated Church. In the rear (l. to r.) are Hans Voorbij, Pastor Martin Crabb, Mrs. Joan Voorbij, and Rijkent Kofman, a student. The children are Peggy, Bart, and Ronny Voorbij.

The Methodist Committee for Overseas Relief has assisted 1,055 Dutch refugees from Indonesia to find new homes in the United States. *In As Much,* the MCOR periodical, estimates that fully half of them have joined the membership of the local Methodist church which sponsored them.

The San Francisco *Area News Edition* of TOGETHER has published the stories of several of these families sponsored by California-Nevada Conference churches—and inspiring stories they are, packed with human interest and demonstrated Christian fellowship. It is only because of severe space limitations that the following families, not yet greeted by this *News Edition,* are acknowledged in condensed manner.

The Visitor of First Church, Sacramento, said in October, "First Church can feel well rewarded in helping the Roland Brangert family in establishing new lives in our country." Within a few weeks, Mr. Brangert found work at the Bethlehem Steel Corporation and moved with his family to San Francisco. "It would be desirable to sponsor another refugee family."

The reception given the Jacob Kruyt family by First Church, Delano, "made me feel like a movie star," declared Mrs. Elly Kruyt who arrived with her husband, Jacob, and their daughters with movie star names, Heddy and Ingrid. Through the services of church publicist Vivian Hiett, the dramatic story of their lives since they were forced to leave Indonesia six years ago was well told and illustrated in Kern County newspapers.

The *First Methodist News* of Bakersfield reports how "The Woman's Society of Christian Service delivered several Thanksgiving baskets, among them remembering our new family, the Van Reimsdyks and their first Thanksgiving in a new homeland. We are also happy to announce that Jon Van Reimsdyk has found employment in Oildale."

Meanwhile, the Central California District of the Pacific Japanese Provisional Conference has voted to sponsor a Dutch-Indonesian family, according to the *Monthly News* published jointly by the Fellowship Church of Reedley and the Bakersfield Japanese Church.

100 Minutes for God

Three years of planning preceded a new adventure in Christian adult education, *One Hundred Minutes for God,* inaugurated last September at First Church, Los Gatos.

The 150 adults who registered have maintained an average attendance of more than 115 for the Sunday morning plan, designed by the Rev. Romain Swedenburg and developed and operated by the education commission, aided by Mrs. Gertrude Stevens, educational assistant.

The schedule begins at 9 a.m. with an expanded session of 100 minutes of church school for the children's department. Featuring audio-visuals and missionary emphasis, this is carried on simultaneously with the *One Hundred Minutes for God,* a 50-minute worship service for adults

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Second-class postage has been paid in Nashville, Tenn.

and youth, followed by 50 minutes of classes.

Five classes were established (a sixth class being added when enrollment exceeded expectations) covering areas of deep concern and need, *The Life and Teachings of Jesus, A History of the Church and Study of the Denominations, Talk Back* film series produced by Methodist TRAFCO, *My Christian Beliefs, Understanding Marriage,* and *Understanding Our Children.*

The first two classes are lecture courses, the others are discussion-type classes with two lay couples assuming the leadership in each class. These eight couples were carefully prepared for leadership through a series of workshops on new methods of teaching adult classes.

Classes have been set up on a quarterly basis with discussion leaders recruited for that period of time. Subject matter is also repeated each quarter. It was found that busy laymen would give leadership to a class for a quarter, whereas they would reject the usual nine- or twelve-months period.

The following standards were agreed upon by the Commission on Education and the Superintendents of the Church School: Limit all classes to 30 persons. All classes elective with the first 30 registered to be accepted. Persons to attend one class not more than one quarter per year. Preregistration with the first 150 persons to be accepted. Parents desiring to enroll their children at 9:00 strongly urged to enroll in adult classes. Youth may attend whether or not their parents are enrolled in classes. Discussion leaders must attend leadership workshops.

The continued high attendance is evidence that adults respond to a Sunday-morning program which provides well-trained leadership, a curriculum that speaks to present needs, and an opportunity for fellowship in face-to-face groups.

Bishop Tippett Speaks for Methodist Men Series

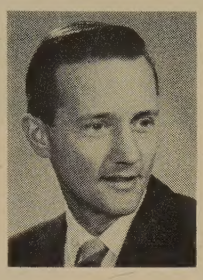
More than 1,500 Methodist men of the California-Nevada Conference will meet and hear Bishop Donald H. Tippett during a series of nine district addresses which began January 10 at Sonoma for the Redwood Empire District. Earl B. Stover is district lay leader.

The bishop's annual banquet tour for Methodist laymen is an enterprise developed by the Board of Lay Activities headed by Clare N. Pettit of Parlier, Conference lay leader. The balance of the schedule: Golden Gate District (W. L. Thompson, lay leader), January 17; Bay View District (Robert L. Morris) at Laurel Church, Oakland, January 18; Shasta District (F. W. Tarr) at Chico, January 19; Sacramento-Nevada District (Col. Frank M. Paul) at Sparks on January 24 and at Sacramento January 25; San Jose District (Richard Briggs), January 26; Fresno District (Grant Erickson), March 14; and Central District (Edgar Crigler), March 15.

RIDING THE CIRCUIT

People and Places

The Rev. Richard Hart of Wesley Church, Bakersfield, is the January speaker on *Faith of Our Fathers,* Sunday radio program produced by the California-Nevada Conference and carried on 10 California stations. Mr. Hart's sermons were recorded by Harold Sparks of Kern and Fresno District representative of the San Francisco Area Commission on Public Relations and Methodist Information.

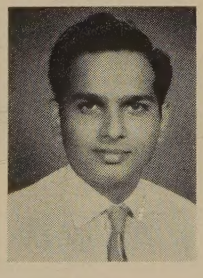


Mr. Hart

From his rich experience as a guest for a week in the Lambarene, (Republic of Gabon) home of famed Dr. Albert Schweitzer, the Rev. Edwin R. Freeman of First Church, Vallejo, has been richly sharing with his church, the press, and community groups. He presented Dr. Schweitzer with a monetary gift raised by First Church members, friends, and children.

Grand prize in the Stanford University Student Art Association's competitions in November went to senior Scott Danielson of First Church, Burlingame, for his sculpture entry, a series of cement block castings titled "Man's Search for God." He has now completed his B.A. degree work and is headed for the School of Architecture at M.I.T.

Mohan Das Isaac, Bombay, India, has enrolled at Chico State College, majoring in electrical engineering. Trinity Church made it possible for him to come to Chico for his higher education. He plans to return to India and become employed in electronics. His other interests are music and soccer-football. Isaac has joined the chancel choir and Wesley Fellowship at Trinity.



Mr. Isaac

The Rev. Wilbur A. Korfhage, after serving Methodist pastorates in Minnesota for 36 years is now resident in Berkeley on the staff of the California Council on Alcohol Problems. He represents the Council to the State legislature, directs church relations in Northern California, and solicits funds for CAP work.

Karla Jane Lee of First Church, Salinas, is now missionary service in Angola under the Methodist Board of Missions. She is doing social work.

The Elmer S. Andersen, pastor at First Church, San Mateo, is Civilian Defense Co-ordinator for Religious Affairs.

The Japan I Saw has been a frequent lecture subject of the Rev. Warren Peters of Shattuck Avenue Church, Oakland, since his assignment with Heifer Project, Inc., took him to what he calls "the land of challenge." His talks are vividly illustrated with color pictures.

Exposition Press of New York recently published *The Frontier Trail* by Raymond Cheek, member of the Hollister Church. "He takes the reader into many interesting and intimate settings of American history, vividly describes little known experiences of the Civil War, pioneer life, etc. . . . One chapter is entitled *Methodist Camp Meeting,* according to Hollister pastor the Rev. David Wolf who warmly recommends the account.

The Rev. Philip A. Solbjor of Trinity Church, San Francisco, has been appointed Protestant chaplain co-ordinator to the Laguna Honda Home there.

The *Mirror* of **First Church,** Oakland, cites 91-year-old the Rev. William Oglesby who has made over 3,300 calls in the Wesley Center District (the old Eighth Avenue Church in East Oakland), and Mrs. Peggy Browne who has retired as pianist in the primary department of the church school after 30 years of service.

Life of an Idea

In lieu of exchanging gifts, the office staff at Methodist Headquarters in San Francisco again this Christmas for a fourth year gave money for the work of Jack Theis in Korea.

Jack was bookkeeper at headquarters before going to Korea as a K-3 in 1956, where he served as a missionary among the Koreans and as bookkeeper for the Board of Missions in Seoul. He became concerned about the beggar boys in Korea and started a home for them.

When his three years were over, he came back to America, was married, and he and his wife (who had been a short-term missionary, too) took special training to qualify for full missionary service. They are now back in Korea, learning the Korean language, and working with the beggar boys at "Angels' Haven."

In December, students and faculty of Pacific School of Religion enthusiastically and unanimously endorsed the sending of telegrams to three clergymen in New Orleans commending them for their courageous upholding of Christian principles in the school integration situation in their city.

A series of weekly "church nights" has established Tuesday evenings as one of the most popular of the activities of First Church, Burlingame. A dinner, served from 6:00 to 6:40 is followed by a three-quarter-hour program of general interest, varying from missionary talks to member hobbies.

The people of **Point Arena,** the Air Force Station, and Manchester contributed $59.39 in pennies, nickels, dimes, quarters, half-dollars, and dollars to help UNICEF, the United Nations Children's Fund. Sixteen children from St. Paul's Church School, and friends collected the contributions.

Paul Orton DeWolf, fifth son of the Rev. and Mrs. Robert DeWolf of the Hanford Church, was born November 14. Johnathan Kevin Lorne Mee, son of the Rev. and Mrs. Lorne Mee of the Petaluma Church, arrived November 28.

Dr. E. W. J. Schmitt, pastor of the Montclair Church, Oakland, marked 25 years in the ministry at the services of Sunday, November 27.

Fiftieth wedding anniversaries for two couples are reported: Mr. and Mrs. Charles Arnold of First Church, San Mateo on November 13; Mr. and Mrs. Fred Morine of the Kingsburg Church on November 19. For Mr. and Mrs. Elmo Matthews of Epworth Church, Berkeley, it was a 55th anniversary celebration on December 9.

Lost to our earthly fellowship are Mrs. Hazel Simmons of Modesto (November 16), wife of retired pastor the Rev. J. U. Simmons; the Rev. Harry Pressfield, retired minister of San Jose (November 17); the Rev. Edgar E. Wilson, pastor of the Church of the Good Shepherd, Oakland (November 23); Mrs. Anna Partridge of Greenfield, widow of the Rev. Upton E. Partridge (December 5); and Miss Daisy Pelas of Lodi, for 74 years a member of First Church there (in November).

Family Life Conference

Are you engaged, going steady, dating, or just interested?

Young people in all of these "conditions" will attend the Marriage and Family Life Conference at Old Oak Ranch near Sonora, February 10 to 12. It's an annual event sponsored by the Conference Wesley Fellowship for post-high school youth, where they may confront such questions as:

Is security the essential basis of marriage? How do you know it's love? Must one cease being an individual after marriage?—and a fundamental consideration which can be posed only in a church-sponsored approach—what implication does the Christian faith impose on us in these matters?

The Rev. Arthur Thurman, pastor of First Church, Modesto, is the conference speaker. Selected couples and individuals will guide discussion groups.

Complete advance programs and registration forms are available from local church youth counselors or by addressing the California-Nevada Conference Wesley Fellowship, P. O. Box 467, San Francisco.

Crusade Institutes

A sequence of 19 subdistrict stewardship institutes begins January 18 for the training of church leaders in the guidance of local programs emphasizing the Christian stewardship of possessions—first major phase of the United Methodist Crusade in the California-Nevada Conference.

The Crusade is the program and organization stemming from the Annual Conference action of June, 1960, authorizing a long range financial campaign and instructing that a major portion of this campaign be to lead the people of our Conference to a more adequate concept and practice of Christian stewardship . . ."

Since early December officers and group leaders in local churches have been studying this emphasis, and naming chairmen or co-ordinators to guide planning which will result in a variety of stewardship education programs in all churches during the period from February 26 to March 19.

The institutes, designed for "tooling up" church leaders of the stewardship program will be staged on the following schedule:

January 18, Central District, Merced; January 19, Central District, Modesto; January 20, Central District, Stockton; January 23, Fresno District, Kingsburg; January 24, Fresno District, Bakersfield; January 25, Golden Gate District, Burlingame; January 26, Golden Gate District, San Francisco; January 27, Redwood Empire District, Petaluma; January 28, Redwood Empire District, Ukiah; January 29, Redwood Empire District, Eureka; February 1, Bay View District, Berkeley; February 2, Bay View District, San Ramon Valley; February 3, Shasta District, Oroville; February 4, Shasta District, Yuba City; February 5, Shasta District, Redding; February 12, Sacramento-Nevada District, Carson City; February 13, Sacramento-Nevada District, North Sacramento; February 16, San Jose District, Salinas; February 17, San Jose District, San Jose.

Six Methodist Bishops discuss the role of the church in the world today on a two-hour television talk spectacular Off the Cuff. *It was scheduled for first release December 23 in the Chicago Area and later on other TV stations across the country. (Reading clockwise from lower left) Bishops Raines of Indianapolis, Werner of Columbus, Short of Nashville, Tippett of San Francisco, Host Norman Ross, Gerald Kennedy of Los Angeles, and Matthew W. Clair, Jr., of St. Louis.*

MYF District Conventions

"The Christian and His Nation" will be the concern of California-Nevada youth who attend a series of two-day Methodist Youth Fellowship Conventions, one for each of the eight district, starting January 27-28 at Patterson for the Central District.

Of the many loyalties demanded in life today, among the most basic are the claims of Christ and of country. The convention programs are aimed at discovering their relationship and helping people to fulfill their roles both as citizens and as Christians.

The Rev. Robert Moon of Fresno is speaker for the Central District convention. The places, dates and speakers for the others: San Jose District, Los Altos, February 3-4, the Rev. Douglas Hayward of Berkeley; Fresno District, Fresino, February 10-11, the Rev. Donald Fado of Fresno; Bay View District, Castro Valley, February 24-25, the Rev. Donald Cunningham of Chowchilla; Redwood Empire District, Fortuna, March 3-4, the Rev. Hayward; Shasta District, Orland, March 17-18, the Rev. Myron Herrell of Burlingame; Golden Gate District, Vallejo, March 24-25, the Rev. Richard Hart of Bakersfield; and Sacramento-Nevada District, Carson City, April 14-15, the Rev. Arthur Thurman of Modesto.

THE BIGGEST STORY OF ALL

Church Union Proposed

The biggest religion story to come out of San Francisco during the National Council of Churches of Christ Assembly in December—at least as measured by public press response—didn't come out of the assembly agenda at all.

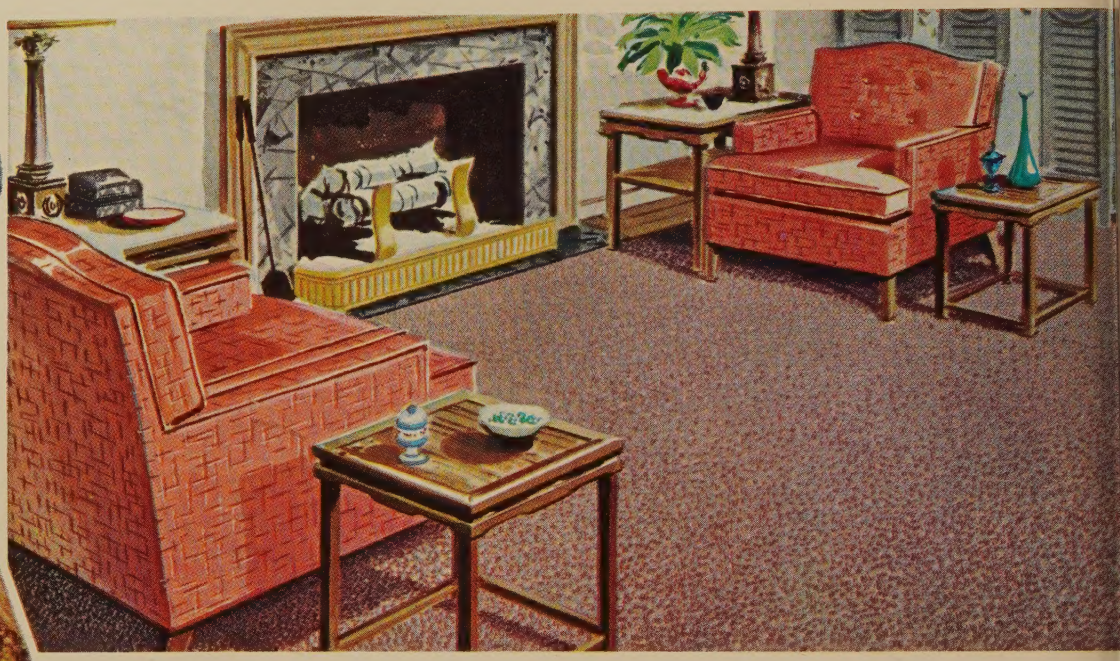
Dr. Eugene Carson Blake's joint invitation to the Methodist Church and the United Church of Christ to join with the Protestant Episcopal Church and his own denomination, the United Presbyterian Church, to form a plan of church union was extended in a sermon delivered at San Francisco's Grace Cathedral a few hours before the opening session of the NCCC Assembly in the Civic Auditorium. (See *News of the World Parish*, page 68.)

Painted for TOGETHER by Charles Hargens

when my toes stuck out through my broken shoes in winter, and I told those little folks that there was only one rule—always do the very best you can...and that if they would follow that rule they would get along somehow." This incident in the life of Abraham Lincoln is inconsequential compared to his Cooper Institute speech the next night, of course. But the kindhearted Lincoln had interrupted preparation of that address, said to have changed the course of America's history, to visit at Five Points — where Methodist work continues today.

Lovelier, Low Priced RUGS, CARPETIN

SAVE up to 1/2 — OLSON Factory-to-Y



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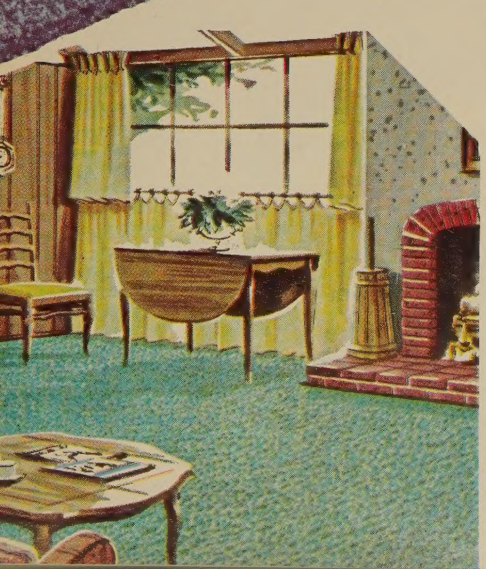

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—John Wesley (1703-1791)

WE WHO work at TOGETHER editorial desks tingle whenever our artists come up with especially fine creations that put footlights on forgotten bits of Methodist history. This month we share two with you.

In one you'll see roadside signs *Along the Natchez Trace* depicting a preacher on horseback. They'll have special meaning for Methodists—after looking at **Floyd Johnson**'s water colors starting on page 37. [See also *Camera Clique*, page 73.]

The other concerns Abraham Lincoln, who belonged to no church but whose known interest in Methodism perhaps stemmed from the fact that the Rev. Jesse Head performed the marriage ceremony uniting Lincoln's parents [see *God's Mysterious Way*, February, 1959, page 27]. Research also discloses the episode pictured on pages 2-3. **Charles Hargens**, the Pennsylvania artist who did the scene in oil, became fascinated with the assignment.

"I did the Lincoln profile from a plaster cast of Lincoln made by Volk in June, 1860," he says. "The right kind of cloak presented a problem and took a lot of looking to find. This proved to be a kind of overcoat, with a cape attached, which was popular with the legal profession of that period."

New York City's Five Points area, he found, "was sure a dreary neighborhood in the 1860s and a place in which you would not be safe after dark. There were 270 saloons in the area. . . ." Incidentally, the mission is as active today as it was in Lincoln's time—perhaps more so.

Richard S. Battle, veteran political reporter for the *Nashville Banner* and author of *Why I Am a Methodist* [page 35], never hesitates to stand up and be counted. He once turned a campaign victory banquet into an uproar when a speaker declared: "I'm sure nobody here voted against our candidate—and I'll give $10 to anyone here who will admit he did." Battle leaped to his feet: "I did!" And he collected on the spot!

Our Cover, for a change, is by the author of an article. **Dorothy Clarke Wilson** [see *Still No Room in Bethlehem*, page 25] is the wife of the Rev. Elwin L. Wilson, superintendent of the Bangor District in Maine. She has written some 70 religious plays, several novels, and—most recently—*Dr. Ida* (McGraw-Hill, $5.95), the biography of the late Dr. Ida Scudder, famed missionary-gynecological surgeon of Vellore, India. Each January the Wilsons start their four-month trek over one of the largest and, we presume, snowiest districts in Methodism, holding quarterly conferences in 97 churches. When she's not traveling 30,000 miles a year over the district, she gets around in other parts of the world, as is obvious from her article in this issue.

—YOUR EDITORS.

Together FEBRUARY, 1961

The Midmonth Magazine for Methodist Families

2 **Mr. Lincoln at Five Points Mission** ..... Charles Hargens

13 **Christian Responsibility** ..... Charles H. Malik

14 **Brainwork for God—at Home** ..... George W. Cornell

17 **Boys Are Funny Creatures** ..... R. P. Marshall

18 **Tennessee vs. Wash Jones** ..... Joe W. Henry, Jr.

20 **He'd Rather Stay Home** ..... Frances Hathaway

21 **The Layman Was There!** ..... Walter J. Benedict

22 **Their Craftsmanship Endures** ..... *(People Called Methodists)*

25 **Still No Room in Bethlehem** ..... Dorothy Clarke Wilson

28 **A Week From a Mother's Journal** ..... Dana Brookins

30 **How to Get Better Movies** ..... *(Powwow)*
William J. Campbell, Earl Kenneth Wood, Otto Preminger

33 **The Wedge of Love** ..... Anne Cole

34 **A Sign Cooled Our Tempers** ..... Alice R. Hydle

35 **Why I Am a Methodist** ..... Richard S. Battle

37 **Along the Natchez Trace**
(Water Colors by Floyd A. Johnson)

59 **That War Between North and South** ..... George A. Rowland

64 **She's a Church Intern!** ..... *(Pictorial)*

76 **Bar Mitzvah** ..... *(Pictorial)*

FEATURES AND DEPARTMENTS

8	*Letters*	50	*Looks at Books*
11	*Newsletter*	58	*Browsing in Fiction*
36	*Getting Along Together*	61	*Name Your Hobby*
45	*Teens Together*	62	*Small Fry*
46	*Your Faith and Church*	68	*News of the World Parish*
47	*Spiritual Efficiency*	73	*Camera Clique*
48	*Light Unto My Path*	74	*Feeding Fifty*

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TOGETHER continues the CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE founded in 1826 as "an entertaining, instructive, and profitable family visitor." It is an official organ of The Methodist Church. Because of freedom given authors, opinions may not reflect official concurrence.

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Editor: **Leland D. Case** ● Executive Editor: **Richard C. Underwood** ● Art Editor: **Floyd A. Johnson** ● Associates: **Paige Carlin, Helen Johnson, Parker B. Lusk, Ira M. Mohler, Charles E. Munson, H. B. Teeter** ● Assistants: **Else Bjornstad** (research), **Carol Scott Carlson** (production), **George P. Miller** (photos) ● Business Manager: **Warren P. Clark** ● Advertising Manager: **John H. Fisher.**

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New Low-Cost Hospitalization

Pays You $100 Weekly From Very First

• NO MEDICAL EXAMINATION • NO WAITING PERIODS • NO AGE LIMIT • NO SALESMEN

Here's good news for those of you who do not drink. Now, for the first time, you can get the newest and finest hospitalization coverage at an unbelievably low rate because the Gold Star Policy is offered to non-drinkers ONLY! Think of it! $100 weekly from the first day and for as long as you remain in the hospital!

This money is paid to you in cash to be used for rent, food, hospital or doctor bills—anything you wish, and your policy can never be cancelled simply because you get old, or have too many claims.

Every day, over 43,000 people enter our hospitals—32,000 of these for the first time. No one knows whose turn will be next, whether yours or mine. But we do know that a fall on the sidewalk or stairs in your home, or some sudden illness could put you in the hospital for weeks or months, and could cost many hundreds of dollars.

If you do not drink and are carrying ordinary hospitalization insurance, you are, in reality, helping to pay for the accidents and hospital bills of those who do drink. This is an unfair penalty.

LOW RATES FOR NON-DRINKERS

Since we limit our membership to non-drinkers only, you save up to 40% on comparable hospitalization. Any individual who does not drink, regardless of age, can apply for this new type of low-cost protection. Even if you are covered by another policy, the Gold Star Plan will supplement that coverage and pay in addition to your present policy. Because it costs only pennies a day to have this wonderful protection against sickness and accidents, many of our members have insured their parents as well as themselves. There is no limit to the number of times you can collect. Full benefits go into effect the day your policy is issued. We invite you to compare these low rates and unusual benefits with any other similar hospitalization insurance. We know you will find that Gold Star offers the finest coverage for less money.

COMPARE THESE LOW RATES

You pay only $4.00 a month, or $40.00 a year, for Gold Star's $100 per week coverage. Or, if you prefer $50.00 per week coverage, you pay only $2.00 per month, or $20.00 a year. You get the same benefits as in the $100 per week policy, but, of course, you will receive $50.00 each week you are hospitalized, and the additional benefits for loss of an eye, hand or foot are half as much as they are in the standard $100 per week policy, but still up to $6,000!

SENIOR CITIZEN'S POLICY FOR PEOPLE OVER 65

As you know, those over 65 frequently find it difficult to get hospitalization insurance. Not with Gold Star! Why should our elder citizens who need it most be denied this protection? Gold Star offers a special Senior Citizen's Policy for people who are 65 or over, at a cost of only $6.00 per month, or $60.00 per year. This policy has identically the same liberal benefits as the standard Gold Star $100 per week policy.

WHY THIS GOLD STAR PLAN WAS FORMED

The Gold Star Plan was originated by Arthur De Moss who felt that folks who do not drink ought to be entitled to special protection at a special rate. This is the first hospitalization policy ever designed for and sold only to non-drinkers. World Mutual has underwritten this Gold Star Plan. They have been operating since 1920 and now have satisfied policy holders in all 50 states, in Canada and in many foreign countries.

Outstanding Leaders Say:

DR. RALPH W. SOCKMAN, Minister, Christ Church, New York, nationally known Methodist Preacher and Author: "I recently heard about the Gold Star Plan and think it is something that has been needed for a long time. It only seems fair and just that some such plan should be put in operation so that those who do not drink should not be penalized for those who do."

DR. ROY L. SMITH, well-known author, popular lecturer, preacher and former editor of ***Christian Advocate:*** "I am convinced that the time has come for abstainers to reap some of the benets of their abstinence, and this is one of the ways in which it can be done. We have had lower insurance rates for abstaining drivers for a long time, so why not a hospitalization plan for non-drinkers. The Gold Star Plan seems sensible and scientific."

DR. CARADINE R. HOOTON, General Secretary of the Board of Temperance of The Methodist Church: "The non-drinker being a better insurance risk should be entitled to a lower premium rate on his policy. I want to congratulate you on bringing this low-cost Gold Star Insurance Plan to total abstainers."

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

We'll mail your policy to your home. No salesman will call. In the privacy of your own home, read the policy over. Examine it carefully. Have the policy checked by your lawyer, doctor, Christian friends or some trusted advisor. Make sure it provides exactly what we've told you it does. Then, if you are not fully satisfied, mail it back within 10 days, and we'll promptly and cheerfully refund your money by return mail—no questions asked. We want you to be completely satisfied. There is absolutely no risk and no obligation whatsoever.

for non-drinkers only!

TOTAL ABSTAINERS • GOLD STAR • HOSPITALIZATION POLICY

Day, Even for Life

GOLD STAR BENEFITS GUARANTEED IN WRITING!

- Pays you $100 weekly while you are in the hospital in addition to any hospital insurance you may carry.
- Good in any accredited hospital anywhere in the world (including missionary hospitals).
- Guaranteed renewable (only YOU can cancel).
- No medical examination necessary.
- No age limit.
- Immediate coverage, full benefits go into effect the day your policy is issued.
- There is no limit to the number of times you can collect.
- No waiting periods. Pays from very first day you enter the hospital.
- No policy or enrollment fees.
- Policy is mailed to your home. No salesman will call.
- All benefits are paid to you in CASH and can be used for rent, food, hospital, doctor bills—anything you wish.

ADDITIONAL GOLD STAR BENEFITS

Pays $2,000 cash for accidental death.
Pays $2,000 cash for loss of one hand, one foot or sight of one eye.
Pays $6,000 cash for loss of both hands, both feet, and sight of both eyes.
Pays DOUBLE these amounts (up to $12,000) for specified travel accidents.

Only Conditions Not Covered

The only conditions this policy does not cover are: pregnancy; any act of war; pre-existing conditions; or hospitalization caused by use of alcoholic beverages or narcotics. Everything else IS covered.

NOTE: Although the Gold Star Plan has been in existence for a short time only, we already have many thousands of satisfied members. We would now like to welcome you into the Gold Star Family. Remember, once the doctor tells you that you need to enter a hospital, it's too late to buy coverage at any price. So hurry, mail your application today!

Happy Policyholders Write:

"Thank you for the cash settlement of my claim. Every cent was paid according to your policy. I had only made one payment before I was stricken, and you paid up immediately with no questions asked. I heartily recommend this policy to any one."
Mrs. Grace Giloy, Neillsville, Wisc.

"Thank you very much for the check you sent so promptly in response to my claim. God bless you for your interest in us older people."
Mrs. Frances E. Swartwout, Wimbledon, N. D.

"I have been unfortunate in having to be in the hospital twice since I have had a policy with you. However, I have been very well pleased with the way you have settled my claim each time. A sincere thank you."
Miss Mary Frances King, Huntingtown, Md.

"Thank you very much for the check I received for my recent surgery and 12 days in the hospital. I think your Gold Star policy a very fine one and have recommended it to several of my friends."
Miss Mary Helen Griggs, Ceres, Calif.

"I do appreciate the check and the good service rendered by your company in our sickness. It was purely a coincidence that Mrs. Diggins entered the hospital on the very day that our policy went into effect. I was very glad that I had made application and had been accepted by your company because the check was really needed. Thanks again for all your consideration."
Mr. James B. Diggins, Flint, Mich.

"Thank you ever so much for your draft received so promptly in payment of my claim for benefit. . . . I have found that I am insured in a very reliable company, proved by your prompt and considerate handling of my claim."
Mrs. Esther G. Powers, Norwalk, Ohio

"I am most grateful for the hospitalization I received through the De Moss service to non-drinkers. It was the only insurance I found covering my age of 86 years. Almost before the ink was dry on the policy, I fell, cracked a bone in my leg, and received payment for every day I was in the hospital."
Mrs. N. L. Kolb, Rochester, N. Y.

RUSH COUPON NOW!
TO ASSURE YOUR PROTECTION

APPLICATION TO TO-21

World Mutual Health & Accident Ins. Co. of Penna.

My name is _____

Street or RD # _____

City _____ State _____

Date of Birth: Month _____ Day _____ Year _____

My occupation is _____

My beneficiary is _____

I also hereby apply for coverage for the members of my family listed below:

	NAME	DATE OF BIRTH	AGE	RELATIONSHIP	BENEFICIARY
1.					
2.					
3.					
4.					

Have you or any member above listed been disabled by either accident or illness or have you or they had medical advice or treatment or have you or they been advised to have a surgical operation in the last five years? Yes ☐ No ☐

If so, give details stating cause, date, name and address of attending physician and whether fully recovered _____

I hereby certify that neither I nor any member above listed uses alcoholic beverages and I hereby apply to the World Mutual Health and Accident Ins. Co. of Penna. for a policy based on the understanding that the policy applied for does not cover conditions originating prior to the date of insurance, and that the policy is issued solely and entirely in reliance upon the written answers to the foregoing questions.

Date: ..... Signed: X .....

HERE ARE THE LOW GOLD STAR RATES		IF YOU PAY MONTHLY	IF YOU PAY YEARLY
	Each adult age 19-64 pays →	$4.	$40.
	Each adult age 65-100 pays →	6.	60.
	Each child age 18 and under pays →	3.	30.

SAVE TWO (2) MONTHS PREMIUM BY PAYING YEARLY!

☐ I am enclosing the amount circled on the left for your Gold Star $100. per week policy.

☐ I am enclosing twice the designated premium for double benefits ($200. per week)

☐ I am enclosing one-half the designated premium for half benefits. ($50. per week)

MAIL THIS APPLICATION WITH YOUR FIRST PREMIUM TO **DE MOSS ASSOCIATES, Inc.** VALLEY FORGE PENNA.

HERE'S ALL YOU DO:

1. **Fill out application at right.**
2. **Enclose in an envelope with your first payment.**
3. **Mail to DeMoss Associates, Inc. Valley Forge, Pa.**

YOU WILL RECEIVE YOUR GOLD STAR POLICY PROMPTLY BY MAIL. NO SALESMAN WILL CALL.

SELECTED BITS FROM YOUR

Why Shouldn't Methodism Show?

MRS. I. W. MOYLE
Big Bend, Wis.

So Brother Thomas R. McCrea [*Letters,* December, 1960, page 6] suggests that TOGETHER may be too Methodist. Well, I do declare! Is that bad?

Can one be thoroughly and joyously a Methodist Christian and not be separate? Does one have to be careful not to let his honest convictions show?

Togetherness: Still a Nice Word

MRS. GRACE W. NEWBY
Greencastle, Ind.

Why should a certain TOGETHER reader object to the magazine reading "so totally Methodist that it seems to be less together and more separate?" It can well indicate both qualities.

With all the unchristian element in the world, we need "togetherness" to offset this influence, and the "separate" element to provide a standard influence for our youth in this day of speeded-up living and temptations.

Return to Traditional Hymns?

MRS. EDNA M. WICKERSHAM
Portland, Ore.

No, TOGETHER is not too Methodist! You don't have space enough now to print all you could about us.

Also, regarding *Start Revision of Hymnal* [December, 1960, page 70]: Please, Mr. Young, can't a few of our traditional hymns be revised back to the old traditional harmonies?

And why was *By Cool Siloam's Shady Rill* ever left out? I am 84 now, so perhaps I am set in my ideas. If so, excuse me.

Children Understand Christmas

WILLIAM H. SANDERS
Prof., Art Educ., Miami University
Oxford, Ohio

Thank you for the superb selection of children's drawings used in *The Nicest Thing About Christmas* [December, 1960, page 37]. I am glad you used only pictures which were devoid of coloring-book, cartoon, and other adult concepts.

Children's art, when it is truly the art of children, has an inherent honesty and directness about it which makes it the best of all possible ways to pay homage to this commercially abused day of days. These statements by the youngsters represent their feelings about, and understanding of, the Event.

One Body, Two Heads?

MISS ANNE E. HERBERT
Sumter, S.C.

Could you please tell me just who really is president of the Methodist Board of Missions? In your December, 1960, issue [*Newsletter,* page 11], the first paragraph says it's Bishop Garber and the second informs that it is Bishop Raines.

Sharp-eyed Miss Herbert was the first of several readers to spot our error. At least we were 50 per cent right: Bishop Richard C. Raines heads the Methodist Board of Missions. Bishop Paul N. Garber, however, is new president of the Methodist Board of Education.—EDS.

Another Head-Soaker Writes!

A. J. RANSOM
Kenney, Ill.

Here's my answer to the verse Mrs. Jewel Murphy had in the December, 1960, *Letters* [page 10]:

Your poem in the magazine
About the poet folk
Who, evenings, 'fore they go to bed
Give their heads a soak,
And on arising in the morn
Can write a bit of rhyme:
This seems to clean the cobwebs out,
It does the job each time.
I thought the poem very good;
The best that I had heard.
Although I cannot versify,
I took you at your word.
I dutifully soaked my head,
But did so without gain,
For all that I can show for it
Is water on the brain!

Tsk, tsk!—EDS.

Whitefield's English Nickname

THOMAS MILLER
Paradise, Calif.

Jeredythe Snyder asks in the December, 1960, issue [*Letters,* page 8] if George Whitefield was cross-eyed.

Yes, he was. In fact, in England he was called "Dr. Squintum."

A new burst of interest in George Whitefield seems to be sweeping Methodism, if we may judge from letters received of late. So, presently we plan to present an article telling more about that eloquent preacher who so captivated American colonists, including Ben Franklin.—EDS.

New Use for Old *Togethers*

Readers have suggested that discarded copies of TOGETHER *be sent to:*

Mr. S. Samuel, DSK/R.R.
Bhimavaram, Andhra Pradesh
West Godavari District
India

The Rev. J. A. Ashong
c/o The Methodist Church
Dodowa, Ghana (W. Africa)

If you, too, have addresses of worthy institutions, here or abroad, which would appreciate back copies of TOGETHER, let us know and we'll see that they appear in this column.—EDS.

Two Years Later, a Letter

SETH R. CLARK
Springfield, Mass.

In February, 1958, my name was inserted in the genealogy section of *Name Your Hobby* as interested in the names of Berry, Clark, and Stevens. I received replies from all over the country. Now, two years later, I received another reply. Evidently TOGETHER is not a read-it-and-throw-it-away magazine, but one which is kept and referred to.

Sunset Brought Action

F. N. BRIDGHAM, *President*
Strathmore Paper Company
West Springfield, Mass.

Our Wesley Methodist Church at Springfield may be cited if you seek an example of Methodists responding to suggestions for action implicit in TOGETHER.

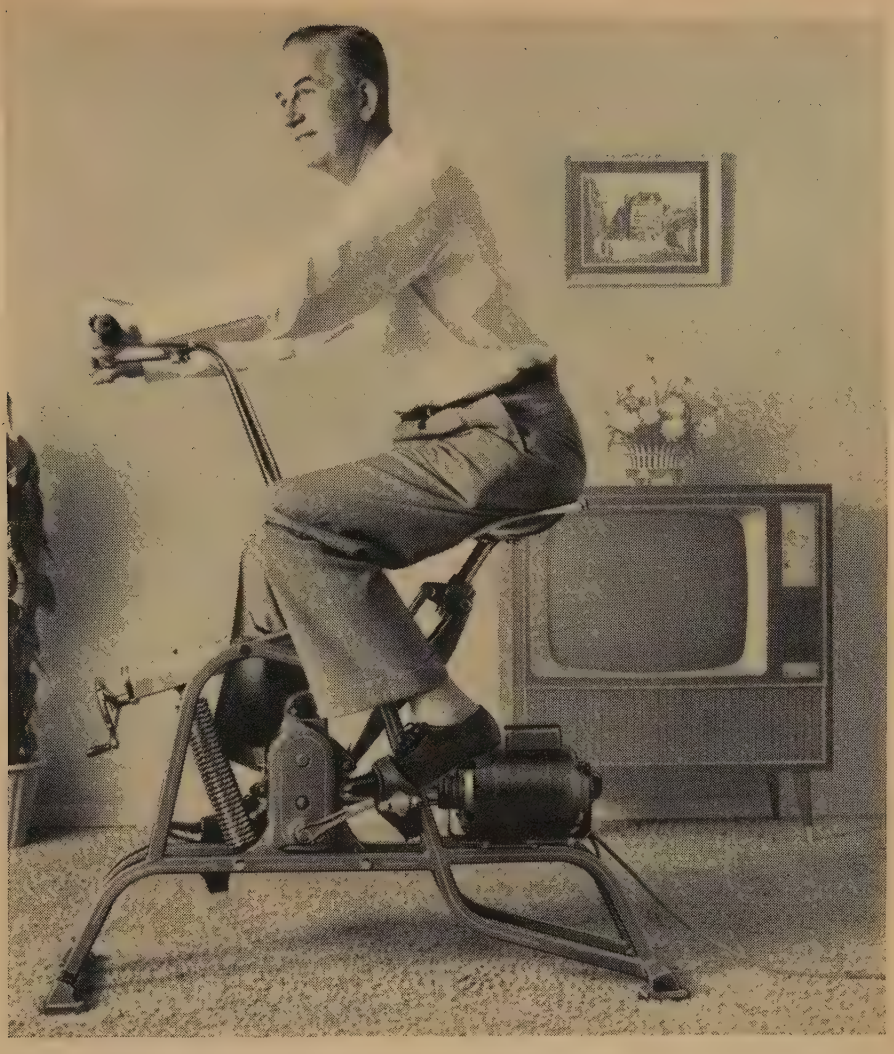
After reading the *Sunset Issue* [November, 1960], our stewardship chairman reported to the board that he felt we were not filling our responsibilities to people in our parish aged 60 and above. So he moved that "the chairman, in collaboration with the pastor, appoint a committee of three to make a survey of our parish and the services rendered to those 60 years of age and over and to report back at the next meeting their findings and suggested recommendations."

This is tangible evidence that TOGETHER articles produce the kind of reaction which I'm sure you like to have.

She Likes Her Good Company!

MRS. G. EDNA KEAN
Evanston, Ill.

My sincere thanks for your beautiful *Sunset Issue.* All who have seen it have



How to stop feeling your years

One reason why you may feel older than you are is that you have slowed down, lost some of your energy and vitality. How to regain it? Medical men know that lost vigor can often be restored through the right kind of physical activity. Not just "exercise" which uses one set of muscles or another, but a stimulating activation of all parts of the body.

Engineering science has developed a way in which you can get this essential all-body action. That way is Exercycle.

Exercycle's All-Body Action

Exercycle gives you all-body action by moving every part of your body in a stimulating, coordinated way. Because Exercycle is motor driven, it conditions you without the strain and exhaustion of conventional exercise. You can use as much or as little effort as you wish. The unique Bergfors All-Body Action of Exercycle is so relaxing and refreshing, it's hard to believe that it brings into play the same parts of your body as you would use in swimming, rowing, cycling, and horseback riding . . . all in one satisfying workout. The Exercycle does the work; you get the benefits. And you have the comfort and convenience of taking your daily Exercycle workout right in your own home.

Helps renew lost energy

The effect of a daily workout with the Exercycle is almost magical. In less than five days, you begin to feel the difference. Your muscles soon begin to firm. You feel more energetic, more youthful. You're more at ease, more relaxed than you have been in years. You have more vigor and drive. You look trimmer, slimmer.

The total benefits you get from the All-Body Action of Exercycle are available in no other way. No exercise routine, no other "health program," no other kind of equipment can do what Exercycle does. Now thousands of men and women who have unsuccessfully tried the pills, food fads, and strenuous regimens can keep vigorous the easy, convenient Exercycle way. You can do it too.

ACT NOW! SEND FOR FREE LITERATURE!
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TO FEEL YOUNG AND ACTIVE AGAIN

Fill out the coupon below and you'll receive detailed information on the amazing Exercycle with Bergfors All-Body Action, how it works and what it can mean to you and your family. You owe it to yourself to investigate this modern way of keeping fit and feeling great.

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expressed delight over its magnificent pictures of departing day. I cannot help being a bit proud to find myself [*Unusual Methodists,* November, 1960, page 70] in the company of such fine people.

Taboo Girls in Shorts?

STELLA GOOD
Hettinger, N.Dak.

Our church has decided that this picture [November, 1960, top page 90] isn't a right picture to be in a Christian magazine. You might lose some subscriptions. Some people are still against girls in shorts.

Miss Roadman: Subscriptions at stake?

Senator Files *Sunset Issue*

RALPH YARBOROUGH, *U.S. Senator*
Austin, Tex.

Thank you very much for the November, 1960, TOGETHER. Not only is it a beautiful book, it is extremely thought-provoking and very well written.

I was particularly interested in *Compulsory Retirement at a Fixed Age?* [page 29]. And George Gallup's article [*Government Cannot Enact Happiness,* page 18], with its wealth of statistics, will prove invaluable to me. I shall keep it in my file for ready reference.

More Power to 'Em!

LEONA MURPHY, *President*
Women's Advertising Club
Chicago, Ill.

The Women's Advertising Club of Chicago wishes to thank you for your November, 1960, *Sunset Issue* in which you discussed the problems of senior citizens. We found this edition particularly interesting since the community service committee of our club has undertaken the promotion of senior centers here in Chicago by serving as their public-relations committee for 1960-61.

Buck Fever Is Infectious

M. R. PUTMAN, *Pastor*
Hubbardston, Mich.

Pursuing the idea expressed by Frank H. Schiek [*Letters,* December, 1960, page 6], might I say that here in Central Michigan fishing is not so much the idol on the shelf as is hunting?

Come every November 15, deer-hunting fever dethrones reason. It is a disease. Intoxication with buck fever is sufficient excuse to be absent from worship services, daily labor, and everything else. Hunting season is the signal to pitch overboard religion, morality, and knowledge, and just be a beast among beasts, hunting with savage, albeit scientific, skill.

But *TOGETHER* Is Indexed!

MRS. B. F. GOOD
Anaheim, Calif.

My husband and I both teach Sunday school and find TOGETHER an invaluable aid. However, a yearly index would help a great deal. We have kept all copies since the beginning of our subscription when the magazine was born but sometimes looking for an article is a lengthy process.

To all concerned: TOGETHER *does publish an annual index available (at 25 cents a copy) from the Business Office. The Methodist Publishing House plans to issue a new index of Methodist periodicals, beginning sometime in 1961. It will appear quarterly and will replace* The Periodical Key.—EDS.

FEB RUARY 10th

is the deadline for sending your transparencies for the photo invitational on

METHODIST AMERICANA

(For details see page 79, January issue.)

Send to:

METHODIST AMERICANA
TOGETHER
740 North Rush Street
Chicago 11, Illinois

Together / NEWSLETTER

AME BOARD SECRETARIES. The new Board of Christian Social Concerns of The Methodist Church has named Dr. Caradine R. Hooton as its first general secretary and the Rev. A. Dudley Ward, Herman Will, Jr., and Roger Burgess as associate general secretaries. The board was created last year by union of the Boards of Temperance, Social and Economic Relations, and World Peace. Dr. Hooton and Mr. Ward were general secretaries respectively of the Board of Temperance and of the Board of Social and Economic Relations, Mr. Will has been acting executive of the Board of World Peace, and Mr. Burgess has been associate secretary and editor of publications for the Board of Temperance.

DR. UPHAUS FREED. Dr. Willard Uphaus, 70, Methodist layman, has been released from a New Hampshire jail after serving a year in prison for contempt of court for refusing, on grounds of Christian conscience, to divulge the names of guests at his World Fellowship Camp at Conway, N.H., in 1954-55. The New Hampshire attorney general had asked that Dr. Uphaus remain in jail until he gave the names, sought in an investigation of alleged subversive activities in the state in 1954, but the sentencing judge denied the request.

PRAYERS FOR UNITY. Christians in more than 50 nations will pray for an end to the divisions which separate them during the Week of Prayer for Christian Unity, January 18-25. [See Church Unity Proposal Stirs Methodist Leaders, page 69.]

NOT ONE BUT SEVERAL. The trend toward team-ministry, especially for serving large congregations, is causing seminaries to think in terms of educating not one type minister but possibly as many as 10, each performing specialized work, says Dr. Ernest C. Colwell, president of Methodist-related Southern California School of Theology.

NEW BIBLE. The 350th anniversary of the publication of the King James Version of the Bible will be marked this year by the appearance March 14 of the New Testament portion of The New English Bible, a translation by scholars of Protestant churches on the British Isles, including the British Methodist Church.

(More church news on page 68)

THIS GOOD TURN BRINGS YOU MANY HAPPY RETURNS!

Investing in an American Bible Society Annuity Agreement often gives you a longer as well as happier life

When you invest in an ordinary way you get the usual interest and nothing more. But when you buy an American Bible Society Annuity Agreement, you receive many blessings—and so do others!

Here's what you get:

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2 *Great security* all your life—and for a survivor as well, if desired.

3 A *big* gift *deduction* in income tax.

4 *Annual income tax savings.*

5 The *happiness* of doing good for mankind by sharing in a vital, worldwide, Christian work.

6 And often *longer life* as well, as annuitants usually live longer!

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Name ☐ Mr. ☐ Mrs. ☐ Miss _____

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Zone _____ State _____

"Because I was nervous—a 'Grumpy Grandpa'—my doctor started me on Postum."

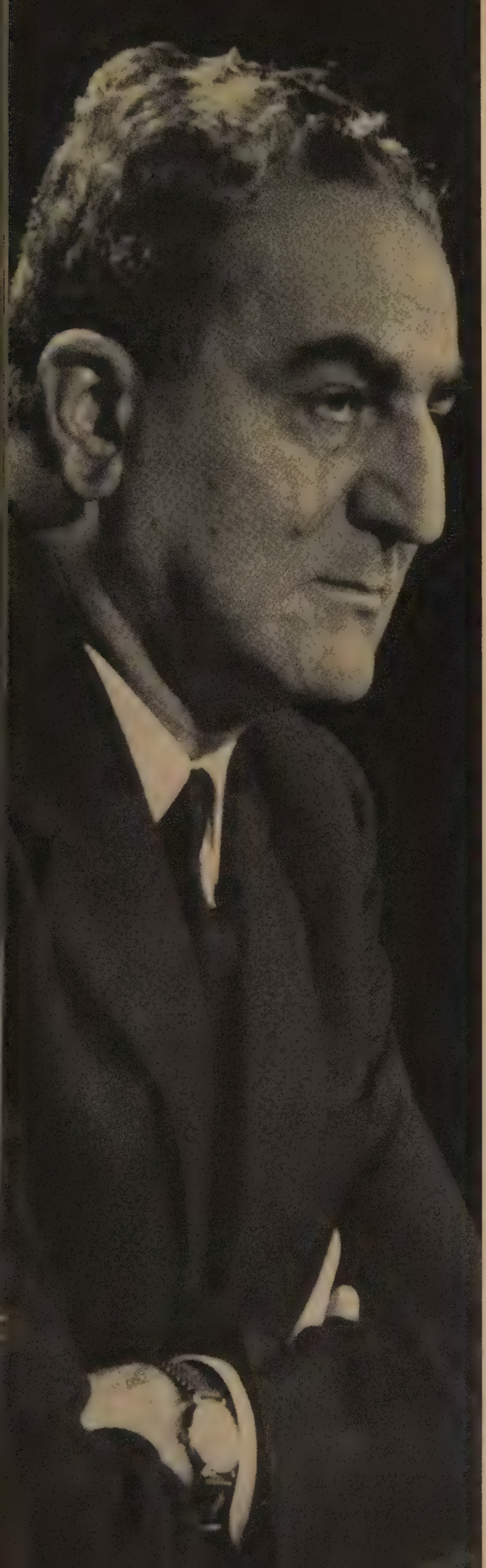
"My grandchildren made me realize how irritable and nervous I was. 'Gee, Grandpa's grumpy!' I heard them whispering. Was there something wrong with my nerves?

"The doctor didn't think so. He asked if I'd been sleeping well. I hadn't. Then he asked if I'd been drinking lots of coffee. I had. It seems many people can't take the caffein in coffee and I'm one of them. Change to Postum, the doctor advised. It's 100% caffein-free—can't make you nervous or keep you awake.

"Did my grandchildren notice the difference? They certainly did. When you sleep well, when you're not on edge, you have lots more patience. I'm sold on Postum —I like the way it makes me feel. You will too!"

Postum is 100% coffee-free

Another fine product of General Foods



A former UN General Assembly president shares a major concern:

Christian Responsibility

By CHARLES H. MALIK

ALL Christians today face important responsibilities. How we meet them will determine in large measure our own future and that of the world we live in. As I see it, these are among the most basic "I musts" for all of us:

1. I must study the facts about the world. This means knowledge that is profound, acquired only by hours of hard work. Especially vital is knowledge of the laws of change. I will avoid being shallow and sentimental because I know the Christian thinker must be the world's deepest.

2. I must feel a profound and troubled concern for the state of the world. We are makers, not onlookers, of history and God will hold us accountable for the course of events.

3. I must keep in close touch with the world situation. It is important that I live within the situations of the world, thinking, acting, and reacting from within, not from without. The Church cannot assume responsibility for political decisions, but it can criticize, inspire, and commend.

4. I must pray, daily invoking God's will on earth. Nothing is more potent before the throne of God than the sincere prayer of a contrite heart.

5. I must witness to Jesus Christ in the midst of change. This is my supreme responsibility. It would be a most grievous sin to allow the changing conditions of our times to overwhelm us and cause us to forget our duty to witness.

6. I must work for the unity of the Church. If Christians could really become one, the world would be transfigured.

7. I must remain faithful. There is a holy deposit of faith regarding man, history, and God that is above all systems. We must guard the freedom and independence of our faith from any human achievement. Jesus Christ, the cross, the Gospel, the Church, the freedom of the children of God—these things cannot be subject to any change.

This is a small study group in action. Its members, ranging from housewives to engineers, belong to the Methodist Church of Huntington, N.Y., where the Rev. Earl R. Barr (third photo from bottom) is associate pastor. This evening they discussed the theology of Dietrich Bonhoeffer—tough sledding for laymen. But, clearly, they welcomed the challenge to spiritual growth.

BRA

TYPICAL OF THOUSANDS

All over America, questing Christians like the Methodists pictured here are meeting in small groups for study, discussion, and prayer. Little publicized, this movement is already recognized as a significant new trend in 20th-century religious life. Methodists, however, will see a likeness to the "class meetings" of old from which the denomination grew. And even the word "Methodist" traces to the Holy Club young John Wesley and some of his Oxford classmates formed for their spiritual growth together.

THEY SIT silently in a circle, nine men and women, holding open Bibles, their eyes intent on the pages. Occasionally, someone scribbles a word or two on a slip of paper. Then, after about 10 minutes of quiet concentration, they read a passage aloud with each person taking a verse in turn.

Thus it begins—the quest, the hunt for a clearer course in the churning crosscurrents of life and faith.

The participants raise questions. They cite experiences. They voice doubts. Who wrote this ancient scriptural message? To whom? Under what circumstances? What did it mean then? Now? Do we truly believe it? Do we live by it?

They dig into commentaries and concordances. They listen. And they learn.

"We're trying to find out what we claim to be," explained one man, "and whether or not we are. We know the theological terminology, but we want to define and under-

Long ago, Jesus promised that 'where two or three are gathered in my name, there am I in the midst of them.'

Remembering, small groups today are doing . . .

NWORK for God—at Home

By GEORGE W. CORNELL
Religion Writer, The Associated Press

stand it. We're looking at ourselves in the Lord's mirror."

This is no sanctimonious group, gathered to display mutual piety. These are Christian realists examining the truth about themselves and their commitments.

They also are part of a vast process that is sweeping into scores of American churches. The growth of such groups is a quiet thing, unnamed and unnumbered, but it is strong and diversified. The movement is not spectacular, nor can its beginnings be traced to any one time or place. But it is spreading steadily and far.

The groups go by an intriguing variety of names: Bible cells, church-in-the-house, prayer groups, seekers, fellowships of the concerned, and so on. Whatever the title, the purpose is virtually the same—and it represents some of the most fascinating and important religious brainwork presently being done.

Springing up in homes, offices, clubs, and at downtown luncheon tables as well as in churches, they sometimes gain new members and spur imitators entirely by word-of-mouth publicity. Often they rise without knowledge that the same thing is happening in thousands of other places by a sort of spontaneous combustion. But whatever their origin, these groups have become a new and potent network of Christian learning, a vital weekday supplement to the work of churches in classes and worship services on Sundays.

"More and more churchgoers today seem determined to become literate Christians," says Dr. Dwight E. Loder, president of Garrett Biblical Institute, Evanston, Ill. "They've found that real understanding of their faith is the means of understanding their world and themselves."

The faith-strengthening potential of the study-group movement was indirectly recognized last spring at Methodism's General Conference when the Council of Bishops' Episcopal Address called for a church-wide, four-year emphasis on theological study—"theological conversation between Methodists themselves, and between Methodists and other denominations to the end that our people shall come to love God with their minds, to know what they believe and why, and wherein their doctrinal emphases coincide with or differ from those of other Christians."

The church's Abingdon Press in Nashville, Tenn., last year turned out *A Handbook for Study Groups* for use in connection with the thoroughgoing *Know Your Bible Series* by Dr. Roy L. Smith. These 12 little booklets, published in 1943 when the author was editor of *The Christian Advocate,* recently have spurted in popularity, paralleling growth of the cell groups. They cover in systematic order the various sections of Scripture, its origins, historical setting, and significance.

Seminaries, too, have felt the im-

pact of the Bible-study movement, with their faculty members suddenly in heavy demand as lecturers. Many theological schools have begun offering special sessions for laymen, and have been swamped with applicants.

Other strategies also are being harnessed to meet the thirst for theology. For the third year, Methodism's American University in Washington, D.C., has offered a two-hour religion course over WMAL-TV, with hundreds of the more than 80,000 regular viewers paying fees to take the course for credit. [See *Bible Study by Television,* September, 1959, page 62.]

REFLECTING the same pattern is the growth of special facilities and institutes for training the laity, some of them modeled after the lay evangelical academies that have invigorated European Christianity. The new Ecumenical Institute in Evanston, Ill., is attracting a steady flow of laymen from all over the country. About 30 each week engage in two or three-day periods of concentrated theological study and discussion.

Some of the most vitalizing and extensive Bible study occurs in the small, intimate units. They involve not only an educational exercise but a spiritual experience. In case after case, people speaking of a Bible cell's value say that they have realized thereby the full import of Jesus' words in Matthew 18:20: "For where two or three are gathered in my name, there am I in the midst of them."

Said one woman: "Outwardly I appear the same, but inwardly there has been a change. I have learned, through the power of forgiving love, to accept myself as I am and to stop pretending to be somebody else, or rather several somebody elses, depending on the company I am in. After being accepted like this, we realize we are not alone, struggling through troubles without help; God is with us."

Sometimes, a score or more of these little bands function within one congregation. In other cases, members come from different churches. Some are formed on a neighborhood basis, and meet alternately in the homes of their members.

If we were to look in on a typical group, we would see no more than a dozen people. This smallness of number is important; participants can get to know and trust each other as they consider their own experiences against the standards of their faith. One member may hold a Bible dictionary, others various Bible interpretations, commentaries, or reference works such as the 12-volume *Interpreter's Bible* [Abingdon, $89.50].

They might be discussing any one of a number of topics: the significance of Baptism and Communion, approaches to prayer, the Holy Spirit, the sources and development of the Bible, attitudes toward miracles and divine healing, the Trinity, original sin, the nature of the hereafter.

They probe these matters with vigor, seeking clearer understanding. Doubt, which some members may have feared as unthinkable for Christians, is recognized as a corollary to faith, a strengthening process.

Typically they open with a prayer, then silently read the passage under study. During this time, each person jots down any questions, special ideas, or impressions he may have.

After the passage has been read aloud, a "resource person," either serving in that capacity regularly or by weekly assignment, summarizes historical and other pertinent information about it. Then comes the main phase—discussion.

Specific procedure, of course, varies. Some groups prefer extensive study of a whole book at a time. Others study just a chapter or two. One might analyze characters such as Job, a second might prefer to probe general topics of faith, while a third might tackle such subjects as business ethics, politics, pacifism, or Communism.

The sessions close, as they begin, with a prayer. Then, perhaps, there's coffee and cake.

Significantly, it is from just such small, closely knit bands of dedicated people that the high moments in Christian history have sprung. Just as Jesus gathered that first small group of 12 about him to begin the faith, later St. Benedict and St. Francis of Assisi gathered little circles to reinvigorate it. St. Augustine spoke enthusiastically of the ecclesiola, the little church within a church.

Closer to our own time, the Methodist revival of religious life in 18th-century England had its beginnings with a small group at Oxford composed of the Wesley brothers and their friends, who met regularly for prayer and Bible study. John Wesley's "class meetings" later flourished on American soil for many years. Groups of 10 people would meet regularly for study and prayer.

During World War II in Europe, many people deprived of churches and clergy turned to private Bible study among friends. The practice proved so stimulating that it continued after the war, spanning the Atlantic. In many cases, however, the American counterpart has developed on its own.

In Neodesha, Kans., for example, a Methodist, Mrs. C. R. Mong, had long met with a study group in her home. When her husband went to Topeka as a state representative, she got a group started there for legislative wives. At about the same time, another began in Iowa's Statehouse.

In Washington, D.C., an average of 60 U.S. representatives and senators now take part each week in a Bible and prayer session. The Rev. Abram Vereide, executive director of International Christian Leadership, Inc., says there are at least 18 other such groups in the nation's capital—and that members include judges, diplomats, labor leaders, and others in positions of high responsibility. One group meets weekly in the Pentagon.

MR. VEREIDE, a Methodist, estimates there are 2,000 Bible-study groups, mostly made up of business executives, meeting weekly in places like San Francisco's Olympic Club, Chicago's Union League Club, and Seattle's Athletic Club.

Whatever the various origins, purposes, or meeting formats of these study groups, people in them are rediscovering the timeless challenge of the Christian faith. Bonded in the small-group fellowship that has characterized Christianity from its earliest days, they are seeking—and finding—renewed spiritual strength and knowledge in a message as relevant for today's nuclear age as it was for the woman Jesus found at the well in Samaria some 2,000 years ago.

Boys Are Funny Creatures

By R. P. Marshall

THE GOOD LORD knew what e was doing when he fashioned oys. He didn't really finish the job; e just started it and left the rest o parents and teachers.

Wrapped up in a boy are aptitudes which will determine his future, nake him a good citizen or a failure. Growing up is merely the process f peeling off the wrappings of child-ood and revealing the adult within.

Sometimes it seems that a small oy is completely self-centered. He ves in a world of fantasy, where he s king, or pirate captain, or Robin Hood deep in Sherwood Forest. He akes his make-believe world so seri-usly that he moves quickly from one xtreme to the other. He may thus ive his heart to a crusade and devote is days to good works, then run way from home to "fight Indians."

Common sense tells him there are o Indian wars today, but his magination is stronger than his nderstanding, and off he goes narching to the sound of phantom lrums.

It's difficult to raise a boy. When he is small he is underfoot. You igh to yourself, "How nice it will e when he can go out and play by himself."

And all of a sudden he is away nd gone, over the fence, into the rees, up the alley, out of your arms. You watch him go and try to call him back, but he laughs and waves, nd you know he is doing what he must.

He comes home whenever he is hungry or needs a piece of string or ball or bat. He laughs and pulls away when you try to hug him close nd then, just for a moment, his mall arms tighten around your neck nd the familiar baby voice comes back, "I do love you, Daddy!"

About this time you begin to worry about your son's manners—or lack of them. You consult a friend and are assured this "is only a phase; he'll soon outgrow it." But then he adds, "The next phase may be worse." You trust the Lord to look after the boy. Nothing but a miracle can keep him safe, you think.

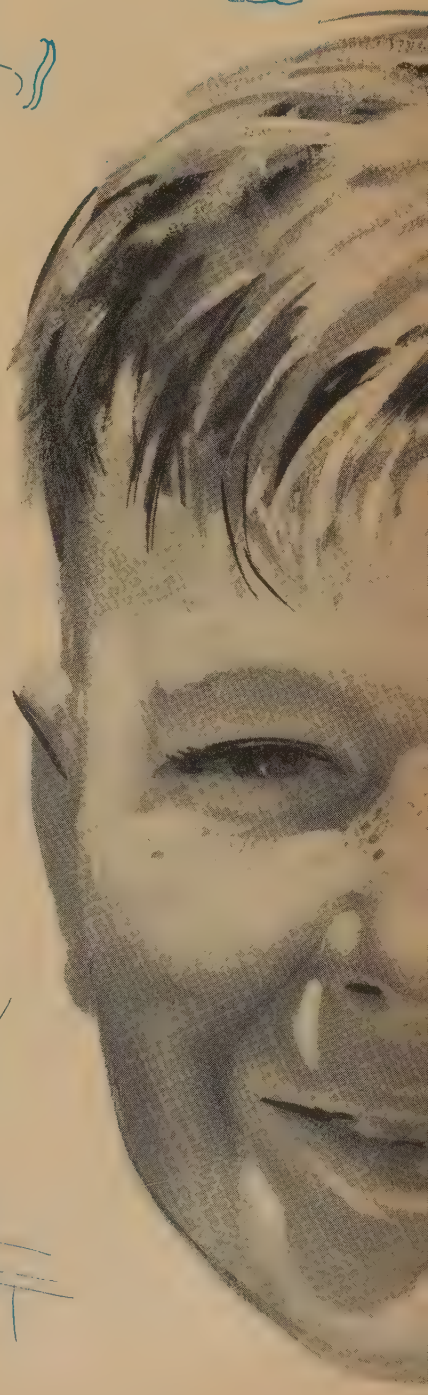
Yet the days and the phases pass, until at last he reaches the magic age of 14 and his world turns golden with the light from mystic stars. He is a new person—most of the time. He washes his face and sometimes even his neck; he begins to look in the mirror and use a comb. Then you know that the mysterious process of growth has touched his body and spirit. He is, for the first time, truly aware of his world.

Six months ago he didn't care what people thought of him; now he is embarrassed if anything goes wrong with his appearance. He looks at his parents with a critical eye, seeing them for the first time as individuals. Until now he has thought of their feelings and plans only in relation to himself.

The 14-year-old is neither fish nor fowl; he moves up to 15 and on through the most bewildering age of all, 17, still caught between his dawning comprehension of what God wants him to be and his inclination to do what comes naturally.

And so you stand aside, thankful that he is beginning to turn again toward those who love him. But you dare not pry into the secrets of his mind and heart; you wait for the confidences that come unbidden. You counsel and sometimes command. And then one day you hear him say, "Dad, you know I've found out what you said was right. I'd like to talk some more problems over with you now."

When that time comes, you can whisper a prayer of thanksgiving: "Now my son is a man!"



TENNESSEE *Vs.* WASH JONES:

The Closing Argument for the Defense

By JOE W. HENRY, JR.

This is part of the closing argument that Attorney Henry, a Methodist layman, made in the Circuit Court of Giles County, Tenn., March 11, 1959, on behalf of the defendant. The facts of the case:

At about 3 a.m. February 22, 1958, Wash Jones, a 40-year-old Negro armed with a double-bitted ax and a 16-gauge shotgun, broke into his father-in-law's residence, shot and killed him, shot and wounded his mother-in-law, and finally bent the gun barrel over his wife's head.

Tried for first-degree murder, he stood mute and the court entered a plea of not guilty. He was found guilty of second-degree murder, but Mr. Henry's eloquent plea won him a 10-year prison term rather than the death penalty.—EDS.

FIFTY-THREE years ago, in a bleak and barren and Godforsaken building on the banks of the Cumberland River at five o'clock in the morning, a Negro man, made in God's own image, bearing the name of Julius Morgan, and from Dyer County, Tenn., became the first citizen of our state to be legally murdered by electrocution.

In all, 123 persons have walked that last mile. One hundred twenty-three times we have turned our backs upon the command of the Decalogue: *Thou shalt not kill.*

Who were these 123 men?

Their names are unimportant, but I have a list that shows them all—the roll of horror.

One cannot look at this yellow sheet without thinking of all the widows and orphans we have made, of all the tears that were shed in their memory, and of the God who loved them, but who was thrust from their hearts by the cold hand of vengeance.

It is generally accepted that there are three essential ingredients of all punishment. All must be present, and if any one is missing the punishment is defective.

First, the punishment of the offender; second, the rehabilitation of the offender and his restoration to useful and productive citizenship, and third, the protection of society be deterring other like offenses.

We may dispose summarily of the first two, because I will readily admit that death by electrocution definitely fulfills the essential ingredient of punishment. I am sure the district attorney will concede that death is fairly permanent and when the penalty is imposed rehabilitation and restoration are impossible.

This leaves for consideration the major ingredient and the one that completely overshadows the first two—deterrence. Does the death penalty serve as a warning to others? Does it keep them from committing similar crimes?

There are those who contend that we are living in an age when we have witnessed more brutality and slaughter than all our ancestors since the birth of Christ; that this is perhaps why we don't worry too much about the death of one man; that we have become immune to human suffering.

My whole being rebels at any such philosophy. Men of good will recognize it to be incontestably true that we are our brothers' keepers, and just as a pebble cannot be thrown into the ocean without disturbing every drop of water in the sea, so one man cannot be abandoned and sacrificed upon the altar of society's sometimes unreasonable demands without disturbing all mankind.

There was a time when society thought that criminals should be beheaded, burned, boiled, or buried alive; when men were strangled, stoned, skinned, or starved to death; when they were torn asunder by trees fastened to their limbs, or devoured by wild beasts; when they were forced to drink poison, crucified, or drowned; when they were chopped in two while still alive, or eaten alive by insects, or sewn in a bag with snakes—all because it was "the law of the state."

As odious and savage as these practices sound to us today, let's face the fact that 100 years from now when capital punishment has long vanished from the American scene as it has in most of the other civilized countries of the world, electrocution will be listed as another barbarous punishment along with drawing and quartering—for I submit to you, any punishment that takes the very life of a human being is barbarous, cruel, unchristian, uncivilized, and a throwback to the Dark Ages.

Time was when pigs, horses, and cattle were tried and executed for murder. It was the law of the state.

In 1474 a rooster was tried for the heinous and unnatural crime of laying an egg and sentenced, together with the egg, to be burned at the stake. It was the law of the state.

There is a recorded case in England of a nine-year-old girl being hanged for stealing two pennies worth of salt. It was the law of the state.

There is the case of the 12-year-old American boy hanged for stealing a sheep. It was the law of the state.

In England, during the reign of Henry VIII, there were over 200 crimes, ranging from shooting rab

bits to associating with gypsies, for which the death penalty was exacted; and during this period, to the shame and disgrace of our mother country, 72,000 Englishmen were executed.

There was a time in England when pickpockets were hanged, and when the hangings took place the pickpockets picked the pockets of those who came to witness the executions. Crime has a tendency to beget crime, and bizarre punishments have always adversely affected law enforcement.

Non-justifiable murders can take only two forms: First, those in heat of passion; second, those premeditated and planned.

In the first group the murderer has lost all reason and all control of his faculties and, therefore, the consequences do not enter his mind.

In the second group, the murderer thinks he has planned the perfect crime and will not be apprehended, and gives no thought to punishment.

Again, where is the deterrence?

Delaware has just become the latest state to outlaw capital punishment. Among the reasons assigned for this action by the Prisoners' Aid Society of Delaware were:

1. The evidence clearly shows that execution does not act as a deterrent to capital offenses.

2. The serious offenses are committed, except in rare instances, by those suffering from mental disturbances; are impulsive in nature, and are not the acts of the "criminal" class.

3. More convictions with less delays are obtained because the reluctance of juries to convict where the death sentence is involved is removed.

4. Unequal application of the law takes place because those executed are the poor, the ignorant, and the unfortunate without resources.

5. Conviction of the innocent does occur and death makes a miscarriage of justice irrevocable.

6. The state sets a bad example when it takes a life. Imitative crimes and murder are stimulated by executions.

7. Legally taking a life is useless and demoralizing to the general public. It is also demoralizing to officials who, dedicated to rehabilitating individuals, must callously put a man to death.

The death penalty has been abolished in Maine, Michigan, Minnesota, North Dakota, Rhode Island, Wisconsin, Alaska, Delaware, Hawaii. During the 10-year period 1931-40, the average rate of murders was 8.1 per 100,000, whereas, in the states that did not have capital punishment, the rate was 2.3.

It is significant that Maine, which abolished capital punishment in 1887 after an innocent man was executed, has one of the lowest murder rates in the U.S. whereas Georgia, with 14 crimes for which the death penalty may be exacted, has the highest.

To me, one of the most compelling arguments against capital punishment is the possibility of mistake.

So many times have the innocent been mistakenly convicted or wrongfully convicted on what later developed to be perjured testimony that a number of books have been written about these cases.

Centuries after the Mosaic Law and almost 2,000 years ago, a solitary wayfarer walked the shores of the Sea of Galilee, healing the sick and casting out the demons that possessed the mentally ill. Persecuted by the mighty Roman Empire, crucified by the edict of a court composed of his own countrymen, denied thrice by one of his trusted disciples in his hour of greatest need, and betrayed by the traitorous deed of another, mocked, spat upon, and ridiculed, he, a victim of capital punishment, died the most ignominious death known to his day. And yet he was not deterred and his teachings of faith, hope, charity, courage, and love have endured unto this day. Wherever free men have instituted free government, the very cornerstone has been the ethical standards taught by Jesus of Nazareth.

There are those who forget: The mild benevolence of his precepts, the meekness of his spirit, the philanthropy that breathes in all his words, the golden rule which he established, the Christian charity which he taught. When they quote the Bible as a sanction for the death

Joe W. Henry, Jr., before the Giles County Courthouse, Pulaski, Tenn. Father of two sons, he's active in church and civic work.

He'd Rather Stay Home

WHENEVER the phone rings in the office of the weekly *Huntsville* (Tex.) *Item,* Editor Don Reid, Jr., picks up the receiver hoping it won't be the assignment he has come to dread: reporting another execution at Huntsville Prison, just three blocks away, where the state's only death chamber is located.

Since 1938, as death-house-beat reporter for the Associated Press, he's probably witnessed more executions —166—than any other American newsman. But for Editor Reid, a Methodist, an execution is never routine.

When he began covering executions 23 years ago, he was neither for nor against the death penalty. With each trip to the "room," however, he delved deeper into pre-execution backgrounds of the condemned, seeking the "why" of it.

These probings led Reid to become one of today's most outspoken foes of capital punishment. Now he writes and speaks widely, always hammering home two main points: executions do not deter crime, and they're morally wrong.

"The mechanics of an execution are not very dramatic," he says. "They put leather straps around the man's waist and wrists. One electrode is attached to a leg through a slit in the pants. Another electrode is attached to the shaved part of the head. Cotton is put in the nostrils to trap the blood. In another minute you hear the switch. The blood boils and the man is dead in a half second. The body turns purple as it raises up and the hands clench. They unstrap him, put him on a stretcher, and that's it."

But that's not it for Don Reid. Now secretary of the Texas Society to Abolish Capital Punishment, he'll continue his well-documented fight against capital punishment until something is done about it. And he hopes that will be soon.

—FRANCES HATHAWAY

penalty, they pervert the spirit of his holy and merciful religion.

If I were inclined to support my opinion by arguments drawn from religion, the whole New Testament would be my text, for if it teaches anything, it teaches the forgiveness of sin, and, therefore, a system of reform rather than extirpation.

You have been told precisely how Wash Jones murdered Wes Howard. Now let us see how Tennessee would murder Wash Jones.

At about 5:30 in the afternoon of the eve of the execution the prisoner is shaved and bathed, and his head is clipped. He must be clean so that it is unnecessary to bathe his body after the electrocution. His head must be clipped so they can apply the electrode. Then they give him a new shirt and a new pair of pants, without a belt, and shoes without laces. No belt and no shoelaces. After all, he must not hang or strangle himself and cheat the chair.

Next, the minister of his choice visits him to offer whatever words of assurance and solace he can conjure up. Then the condemned man is given an opportunity to eat a hearty meal of his choice. Then his family is permitted to visit with him until midnight. Then, at about 10 minutes to five, the warden and the guards and the execution party come and they start to walk the last mile down the dimlit corridor, which leads to the chamber of horrors, to the electric chair.

They place him in the chair, roll up his trouser legs in order to clamp the electrode to his right leg. Then to his clipped head they clamp the other electrode. Then they ask him for his last words. Only the prisoner, the warden, and God are present in the room. The warden is doing his statutory duty, the prisoner paying his debt to society and, as to him, I am sure he feels that God has forgotten him.

Then they place the mask upon his face—not for his benefit, but to keep the witnesses from looking upon the hideous countenance of the dying man as his facial features contort in the pain and agony of death.

The warden looks through the little window at the man who throws the switch—$25 the state pays for this service. The warden has a stop watch in his hand and upon his signal the switch is thrown. Then there comes the sound from the electrician's niche—a sound like that from an X-ray machine, a crackle, a whine, a buzz as 2,300 volts for 30 seconds and then 500 for 1½ minutes are sent circulating through his body as it convulsively jerks and writhes.

And then, when his body has cooled off enough to touch, the physician applies his stethoscope and pronounces him dead.

Another name is added to the yellow list—the roll of horror. The state has got another pound of flesh.

I ask you in the name of all that is sacred and holy, how can such a spectacle as this ever magnify the law or make it honorable or preserve the peace and dignity of our state?

And they say that Wash Jones killed in cold blood! Wash didn't lock Wes Howard in a room, keep him there for weeks and months, announce ahead of time the date and time of his death, and leave the condemned man to die 1,000 deaths.

Ladies and gentlemen, you and you alone can send Wash Jones to the electric chair. There can be no division of responsibility. You can never say that the rest overpowered you. It must be your deliberate, cool, premeditated act. It takes your vote.

I plead for human consideration, for charity, for mercy. Man was truly created in God's image, but humane treatment of our fellow man is necessary in order that the divine image may not be obscured.

I hope and pray that the Tennessee legislature will at this session veto this unconscionable decree of blood and write for the state, as the state has written for its citizens, the injunction—at once rational, scriptural, salutary, and humanitarian—"Thou shalt not kill."

Condensed from an article published in the American Bar Association Journal, *January, 1960.*

The virtue of justice consists in moderation, as regulated by wisdom.—Aristotle

Alone? This pastor thought so. But he was wrong.

The Layman Was There!

By WALTER J. BENEDICT

THE ORGAN PRELUDE ended and the young minister stood up to continue the service. Not a single soul could be seen in the sanctuary. Before he could speak, however, the door opened and a man entered. Brushing off the sleet, he dropped his coat and hat on a back bench and took his seat in the last pew. The service was conducted, the benediction given—but before the minister could reach the door, this solitary worshiper had disappeared.

This scene was re-enacted each Sunday night in the winter of 1926. I was the young minister. The church was a small Methodist church in New Jersey. The layman's name I never learned—but his presence made each service possible and saved me to the ministry.

In the spring of 1925, while still in Drew Theological Seminary, I accepted by phone this supply appointment. The district superintendent pointed out that the leadership of a dynamic young man might accomplish great things. But when I saw the church I was stunned.

The building (residents called it "The Eel Pot") had been moved back from a main corner and now faced a side street. The open cellar on the corner was filled with cans, brush, and weeds. As we entered, the vestibule which was under the tower shook so that pigeon droppings came through the cracks. Noting my look of dismay, the DS said I might reconsider. I refused.

During the summer, the church school grew, clubs and choirs were formed, and assorted activities were started. By the time seminary opened in the fall, morning attendance averaged 25 to 30, evening 75 or 80.

Then the blow fell. Church officials called me in and suggested that I invite the Ku Klux Klan to visit the church some Sunday evening. They pointed out all our male members belonged. Further, they told me, when the Klan visited a church, hundreds attended and the offering came in handy for repairs —and raises.

I didn't know what to do, so I did nothing, hoping the idea was just a temporary notion. It wasn't. About a month later the board voted unanimously to invite the Klan to an evening service. After some thought, I said I would approve under these conditions: that no cross be burned on the lawn; that every Klansman remove his hood when he entered the church; that I be given equal time in the pulpit with any speaker invited, and that I speak last.

The board never acted on these suggestions. Instead, I was taken to a great Klan meeting in the Barnegat Bay section of New Jersey. The meeting was held inside a stockade; armed guards met us at the entrance; the Kleagle who spoke arrived in a small plane, and the American flag was much in evidence. I was invited in the hope that this display would change my mind. It didn't. Since I heard nothing more, I felt a crisis had passed.

But the Sunday after Christmas there was no one at church. The school almost disappeared. Two children from the family with which I roomed weekends were the morning congregation. A couple of young people who liked me came for a Sunday or two in the evening and then they stopped, too. Only the organist was faithful. The Klan had decided on a boycott.

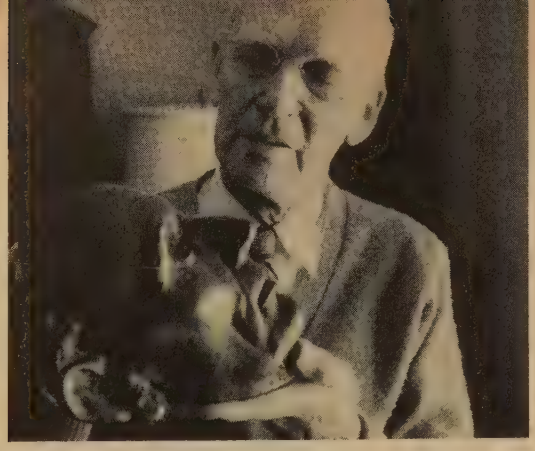
And then—on the first Sunday evening when the church was empty —the door opened and the strange layman appeared.

Every Sunday night during that long winter season he was there. Each night he entered the church after I had gone into the pulpit and left it before I could get to the door. It was rumored that he was a doctor from across the river who walked the two miles each Sunday night. I never really knew.

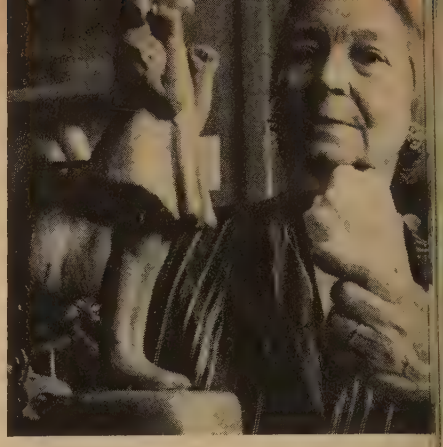
Since there was no congregation, there was no income. In those weeks of boycott, a Catholic merchant sent the treasurer a check designated for my salary. Finally, toward Easter, I went to the DS and told him what he probably already knew—that further effort on my part was useless. He transferred me.

I can never forget this anonymous layman. Somehow, he symbolized those legions of others, nameless and unsung, who have saved a minister and a ministry because, when they were needed, they were there.

People Called Methodists:
No. 15 in a Series



A prized Torrey possession: This Lincoln life mask was inherited from Lorado Taft.



Children are Mrs. Torrey's specialty. She calls this little girl "Glee."

The Fred Torreys . . .

Their Craftsmanship

FOR MORE than 40 years Fred and Mabel Torrey have been creating beauty in metal, plaster, and stone. Across the U.S., even overseas, the sculptured work of this gifted man and wife team is seen in public buildings, parks, and private collections. Today, as residents of a suburb of Des Moines, Iowa, Mr. Torrey, 76, and his wife, 74, are using their talents in a new way—helping neighborhood children learn creative arts. Whether working with marble or with the plastic resource of small hands and young minds, the craftsmanship of these two gifted septuagenarians is certain to endure.

Widely recognized as the nation's senior Lincoln sculptor, Mr. Torrey is perhaps best known for his two equestrian statues at the tomb of the Civil War president in Springfield, Ill. Mrs. Torrey's winsome little figurines of children have won warm approval around the world; her most famous work is her memorial to the poet, Eugene Field. *Wynken, Blynken, and Nod,* in pink Tennessee marble, is displayed in Denver, where Field once lived.

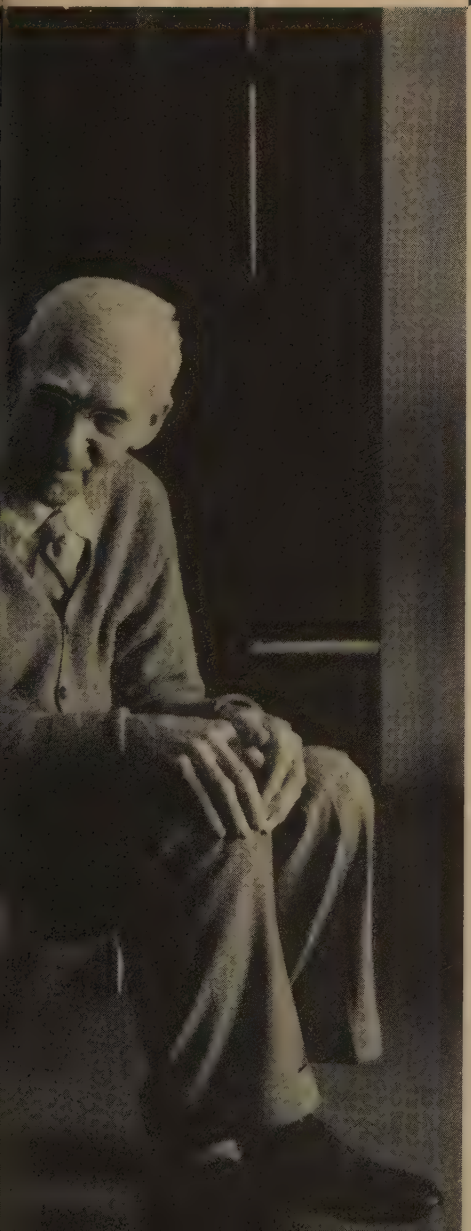
A happy combination of the Torreys' talents is promised in their latest project, another Lincoln statue proposed for placement in the Iowa capitol. It will be the first ever to show Lincoln with his son, Tad. Appropriately, Mr. Torrey will sculpture Lincoln; Mrs. Torrey, his mischievous son.

As devoted to each other today as when they were newlyweds, Fred and Mabel Torrey first met when both were students at the Chicago Art Institute in 1912. Married four years later, after he had become an apprentice to the famed Lorado Taft. they lived within walking

As in many new suburban communities, the Torreys' block has few older couples. So for most of the small fry, they're foster grandparents.

Young neighbors, admiring Mrs. Torrey's plaster rabbit, try their own luck with modeling clay. The best works will be displayed in Mrs. Torrey's china cupboard. Both she and her husband delight in helping children learn art expression.

ndures



As a gift to Grace Church, Mr. Torrey recently completed work on a plaque of Pastor Newton E. Moats. Here, Mrs. Torrey assists at a final sitting. Among the sculptor's other works of this type is a medallion of a famous Iowa Methodist—Dr. John R. Mott, Nobel Prize-winning worker for peace. It hangs in a Des Moines YMCA.

distance of the University of Chicago until 1957. Though neither had prior connections with Iowa (he was from West Virginia, she from Colorado), their move to Des Moines was predictable: their only daughter, Betty, her husband, and two charming daughters live in Ames, just 30 miles away.

Currently the Torreys, as active as a couple half their age, are looking ahead optimistically to success of a campaign to raise $25,000 so they can go ahead with the Lincoln-Tad statue. Meanwhile, there are dozens of other things to keep them busy. He, for example, is an enthusiastic camera-club member; she is active in an art group. Sundays, of course, they're in their places at Des Moines' Grace Methodist Church. And weekday mornings they are up by 6 to work—and act as fond foster grandparents to a neighborhood full of adoring children.

Long a Lincoln sculptor, Mr. Torrey was photographed in 1928 with the working model of his Lincoln, the Circuit Rider, *created for the Civil War president's tomb.*

Working as a team, the two sculptors hope to complete this major new work for the Iowa capitol by next July 4. School children are contributing Lincoln pennies for the project.

Christians must share responsibility for the homeless thousands who find there is . . .

Still No Room in Bethlehem

By **DOROTHY CLARKE WILSON**

SHE LOOKS like a madonna. Perhaps it's the baby at her breast, or the dark vividness of her oriental features, or her black dress gaudily embroidered in reds after the fashion of the women of Palestine. Perhaps also it's because the tiny courtyard of the refugee hut where she stands is in plain sight of the ancient stone houses of Bethlehem.

"Please," I beg, smiling up at her and pointing to my camera.

I am disappointed but not surprised when she retreats, first into the white folds of her voluminous scarf, then into her hut. My companion, Willard Jones, executive secretary of the Near East Christian Council Committee for Refugee Work, warned me that in visiting the Arab refugees in this Jordan camp we might expect any kind of reception—from wary indifference to outright hostility.

I do not blame them. If I had been a dispossessed outcast for 12 years, living first in a cave or sheepcote or any shelter I could find, then in a goat's-hair tent, finally in a small concrete box among hundreds of concrete boxes, regimented into a herd, fed on charity rations, clothed in cast-off garments, then I, too, would look warily at foreigners who came curiously snooping, apparently exploiting my misfortune.

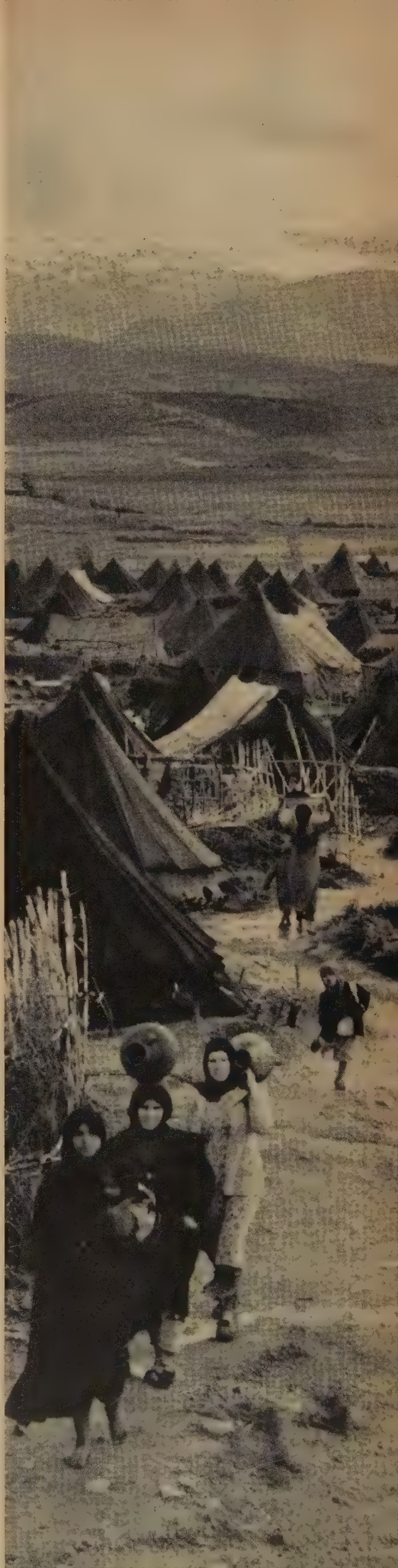
The refugee camp seems a place designed to keep old wounds raw and smarting. The June sun glares on the row upon row of concrete boxes. Dust swirls and eddies up the treeless hillside, choking the throat, blearing the eyes, filming hair, ankles, clothes, and grinding into the pores.

On the hills of Bethlehem in the distance, trees are growing and terraced gardens blooming. But not here. The toughest grass finds it hard to take root in sun-baked earth and walls of rock.

Suddenly the woman with the baby reappears. She was not running away, after all. She just went into the house to put a bright red dress on the baby. She stands on the terrace above me with the little one outthrust on her knee. In her stance is all the simple dignity of a proud and ancient people. After I have taken her picture, she bursts into voluble Arabic.

"She wants us to come into her house for coffee," Jones interprets.

Mounting stone steps to the higher terrace, we enter a small room, perhaps 8 by 10 feet. It is bare, but very neat and clean. In one corner is a sleeping mat covered with a flowered comforter. There are two or three straight wooden chairs. The woman, still holding her baby, sits beside me, and we manage to converse very well with smiles and gestures. I admire her neat house, her plump baby, the intricate handwork of her red-embroidered bodice, and in turn she fingers my synthetic print dress and



Until recently, Arab refugees lived in tents like these on a Lebanon plain. Now 400,000 have moved to concrete dwellings built by the UN.

plastic handbag and nylon stockings, round pink cheeks crinkling beneath her bright eyes.

As if by magic, the room has filled with other children. Nine there are in all, the family of 11 all living in this one room, with a small adjoining area for storage and cooking.

The man of the house appears, as hospitable as Abraham, and we are offered two tiny cups of hot, thick, bittersweet Turkish coffee. His face beneath the flowing white *keffiyeh* is pleasant and intelligent. He is glad to answer our questions.

His name is Shaban Yusuf Ali. He used to be a farmer. The farm which he owned and which had been the property of his family for many generations is not far away. He and his family fled from it one night back in 1948 after a neighboring village, Deir Yassin, had been attacked by Israeli troops and 200 of its civilian population massacred. So terrified were they that they took nothing with them except the clothes they were wearing.

"But of course we expected to go back," says Yusuf Ali simply.

And well they might have. For, according to the line of partition agreed on by the United Nations in 1947 when the new state of Israel was decided upon, their farm was many miles inside the Arab sector. Surely, they reasoned, even a world opinion which had consented to the injustice of partition could not condone possession of land won by terrorist tactics in violation of an international agreement.

But they did not go back. Yusuf Ali's farm is still just across the Israeli border less than five miles away. Any time he likes he can go to a hill above the barbed wire barricade and look across at the house and fields which are rightfully his, now occupied and cultivated by strangers.

"What a queer feeling that must give you!" I cannot help exclaiming.

A queer feeling, yes, to look at your own house where you were born and your father before you, to know that it still contains the tools, the cooking pots, perhaps even the homespun *abayahs* handed down through your family for generations, yet have to dress your children in others' castoff clothing; to see your own fields, turned by your own plow, bring forth golden grain harvested with your own sickle, yet have to feed your family on charity.

Most of Yusuf Ali's nine children have been born in exile. Yet in spite of their limited rations and cramped quarters, the bright-eyed little faces look healthy enough. It's hard to believe that for only $33 a person annually—less than 10 cents a day—the United Nations Relief and Works Agency for Palestine Refugees in t Near East (UNRWA) can provi nearly a million Arab refugees wi enough food, housing, medical ca and education to produce a ne generation of normal health ar mentality. UNRWA also helps Yus Ali find work at seasonal interva but at the moment he is unemploye A farmer without land is a liabilit especially in a country like Jorda whose stony, arid, mountainous te rain provided bare subsistence for i 1 million population before the add tion of over half a million refugee Though they were born here, th stony hillside overlooking Bethlehe is not home even to Yusuf Ali younger children. Conditioned b their parents' nostalgic tales, hom to them is the small farm across th border, rendered doubly enchantin by its unattainable nearness. Th same is true of most of the 105,00 children born to refugee parents i Jordan since 1951.

I sip the hot, sweet coffee an listen, knowing that almost the sam story could be uncovered in any on of the 100,000 concrete huts—i Jericho, in Gaza, in West Jordan an Syria and Lebanon—which make u these mass breeding grounds of bit terness.

But Yusuf Ali, I note with relief is not bitter. Hurt, bewildered frustrated, eager for sympathy, bu not bitter. The uneasiness I have fel since arriving in the Middle Eas begins to subside. Surely people a kindly and friendly as Yusuf Ali even when they feel themselves deep ly wronged, will make no trouble They will be reasonable, I say t myself.

And then suddenly the woma darts me a knowing woman smil as she pats the ripening bulge unde her waistline.

"She says she hopes it's twins," translates Willard Jones. "And boys It will make more strong men t fight and win back what belongs t them."

I have reached the dregs of th small cup, and the coffee tastes su denly bitter.

During subsequent days in Jordan Lebanon, and Egypt, my uneasines increases. I visit the blazing whit city of Aqabat Jaber, one of thre large refugee camps in the Jerich Valley. Its 30,000 inhabitants liv

Their meals aren't fancy, but these refugees on the Gaza Strip live on food (worth 5¢ a day per person) provided by a UN relief agency.

,200 feet below sea level and the une air is furnace hot, yet I note a ast improvement since I saw it 10 ears ago when it was an ocean of lack goat's-hair tents.

There are no tents now. In 1959, UNRWA completed the herculean ask of transferring over 400,000 tent-amp refugees to concrete huts. Yet he hundreds of these neat, regi-nented cubicles look grim rather han efficient. They look even grim-ner from the air—a dead white atch in the desolate wastes sur-ounding the lush green oasis of ericho. I am reminded of Ezekiel's alley of dry bones, and wonder what vill happen if—when—the bones ome to life.

I SEE ration cards being distributed, lour and sugar and rice being doled rom ton containers, pair after pair f disembodied hands lifting tin cans o receive their monthly allotment of ooking oil. I marvel at this inter-national efficiency which, for less han 5 cents a day, supplies each ne of a million impersonal numbers with a basic diet of 1,500 calories. I ee some of the 188,000 children who re now enrolled in schools either un or subsidized by the UN agency t a cost of about $25 a year per upil. Most of the teachers are refu-gees themselves.

Even those more constructive proj-ects of UNRWA which seem designed to give full instead of temporary relief are not wholly en-couraging. The two vocational training centers, one at Gaza and one at Kalandia near the Jerusalem airport, are training talented young refugees in building, electrical, and mechanical skills which will enable them to get employment of a perma-nent nature outside the refugee camps. Surely, this is one of the musts: preparing the next generation to become useful, self-sufficient citi-zens in whatever country they may finally settle.

Yet vocational training had to be urtailed in 1957 for lack of funds, nd only during the past year have funds been available for a modest resumption of the work—enough to end about 600 students a year to vocational schools and provide scholarships for about 100 worthy refugee youths to attend universities. There are 30,000 young refugees reaching maturity each year.

UNRWA hoped to raise $4 mil-lion during World Refugee Year, which began June 30, 1959, to provide four additional vocational schools, more scholarships and agricultural grants. Almost $3 million were sub-scribed.

I see also what the churches and other voluntary co-ordinating agen-cies are doing through the Near East Christian Council Committee for Refugee Work, of which Willard Jones is executive secretary. I visit the clothing and surplus-foods dis-tribution agencies; the crafts and merchandising centers; I see schools, clinics, social-welfare work, housing projects, recreational centers. And I am proud of our concerted achieve-ment as Christians.

But it is not enough. Christians, especially American Christians, should feel a deep concern and re-sponsibility for this troubled area. I am forcibly reminded of this as the time comes to leave.

A handsome young Arab, the same one who taxied me to Jerash in his bright red Plymouth a few days ago, picks up my suitcase and pilots me toward the Mandelbaum Gate. There is bitterness in his eyes as they sweep the high barricades.

"This is all your Truman's fault," he says sullenly.

I protest, trying to make him see that this is an oversimplification of a complex problem for which many individuals and peoples must bear responsibility. But the United States did play an active part in the United Nations decision of 1947 to partition the tiny land of Palestine into two states, one Jewish and one Arab.

With arbitrary creation of the new state of Israel in 1948, conflict became inevitable. The Israelis were or-ganized, with a large and well-equipped army. The Arabs, un-prepared for independence under the British mandate, were not.

The armistice in 1949, effected largely by United States persuasion, let the fighting lines stand as the new boundaries. Whereas the United Nations agreement originally had allotted to the Israelis 5,500 square miles and to the Arabs 4,500 square miles, *The World Almanac* of 1950 reported the area held by Israel as 7,100 square miles, that by the Arabs as only 3,329. By 1955, according to the same source, the area of Palestine controlled by Israel had increased to 8,048 square miles, that by the Arabs reduced to 2,381.

Besides creating nearly a million refugees, the armistice sliced off 111 Arab villages, separating the homes of 180,000 people from their lands and sources of income. This group, since it cannot be defined as home-less, is ineligible for United Nations support. Politically, economically, socially, and morally, it resulted in an impossible situation. No wonder this is one of the spots of sorest infection on the earth's surface!

I travel through the vigorous, thriving, luxuriant land of Israel. I admire the courage of its people, their gallant willingness to sacrifice. As an American, I feel a kinship with this lusty pioneer spirit. I rejoice that refugees here are building new lives for themselves and their children. I exult in the sight of bustling new cities and busy factories and miles of grain fields and vineyards and orange groves. I thrill to see the barren hills of Samson's exploits rooted with young trees, one for each of the 6 mil-lion Jews killed during the shameful European purges.

Yet I cannot forget Yusuf Ali and the million other displaced Arabs. I know that a grave injustice has been committed for which I, as a Christian American, am partially responsible.

WHAT can I do as a Christian? I can inform myself of the facts and make sure that my friends do the same. I can urge more generous sup-port of the voluntary service agencies, such as the Methodist Committee for Overseas Relief, 475 Riverside Drive, New York 27, N.Y. And I can work ceaselessly to create a public opinion which will demand an early solution of the refugee problem through the United Nations, involving if neces-sary the payment of large compensa-tions to Palestine refugees from in-ternationally raised funds. As long as there are still outcast mothers and children for whom there is no room in Bethlehem, as long as the "City of Peace" over which Jesus wept is cleft by a No Man's Land of barbed wire and saw-toothed barricades, no Christian has a right to evade his responsibility.

What bed of roses isn't thorny? Here's a busy mother who shares her jolts and joys in these jottings:

A WEEK FROM A

A Together in the Home Feature

MONDAY: Tried to snuggle back into the pillows after Buzz growled off to work. No good. Danci bouncing down hallway shrieking, "Up, kids!"

Washed clothes, phone rang, left water running in garage while I answered it. Haven't the nerve to tell Buzz about the box of damp books.

Vicki fell off bike. Hope we got dirt off skinned knee.

A dozen phone calls, two saying, "We presume you intend to pay this bill someday." Let older children give Danci a bath. Must have been in coma when I gave permission. Should clean up our new swim pool (the bathroom) but eyes keep droop. . . .

TUESDAY: Valli fell off her bike. Knocked wind out and fainted. Can't understand why doctor doesn't think I need tranquilizers. (Could it be because he has nine children?)

Danci threw towel in toilet. She flushed. It gushed. I guess we might as well install a filter in the bathroom and convert it to that swim pool.

Third polio shots all around. Danci kicked doctor in stomach. Guess his nine kids have lulled him; he only blinked.

Should go to bed, but it's so far to walk. . . .

WEDNESDAY: Company all day! Their three children smashed, bashed, crashed everything in sight. Our four are angels compared to them. The house will never be the same. Neither will the dog. She hid under our bed all afternoon. Why couldn't it've been the old lamp they broke? Have strait jacket . . . may unravel.

THURSDAY: Vicki's knee is infected. Double penicillin shot. Doctor's smile on crooked. Could be he's getting tired of us this week? Must remember to send him some money . . . someday.

Later Brook bopped head on neighbor's open-out window. Puncture wound. Tetanus shot. Brook jumped at impact and kicked tray of needles off table. Doctor blinked rapidly. May have to lend him that strait jacket.

Buzz found damp books. Since becoming Sunday-school superintendent he's developed remarkable control.

Danci cutting two-year molars. Cranky. Buzz' plant out on strike. TV kaput. Record changer jammed. What idiot said, "Good things come in threes"?

Took kids to Y for swimming lessons. (May come in handy when bathroom becomes pool.) Left luscious meat loaf dinner in oven. "Be so good to come home to," I had said. Forgot to turn on oven. Kids overjoyed at staying up till 10 to eat.

Buzz in bed. Me . . . eying greasy dishes, but so sleep. . . .

FRIDAY: It's payday! The last till Buzz gets part-time work. Can't figure how to pay $211 in bills with $132. Vicki hit knee again. Doctor mysteriously out. Nurse bandaged. Little boy selling berries dropped box on front porch. Hollered so loud I paid anyway. Later discovered the little con man took other neighbors with same trick. Good tip for Buzz if money situation gets desperate. He may balk at crying part.

Got nasty phone call from friend because I never visit her. She's childless; useless to explain.

SATURDAY: Trip to Lytle Creek for wiener roast. Ants, flies, mosquitoes, wet wood, smoke, sniffles. Hiked down deserted road to woods. Kids heard imaginary rattlers in brush. Met sheriffs' officer coming back. "You weren't in there!" he gasped. "We've caught two rattlers this week coming down from the hills for water."

Phone rang all evening. Church-school teachers ill. I'll have to substitute in fourth grade tomorrow.

Decided at 8 p.m. to wash clothes so as not to ruin a Sunday. Forgot to pick up pump from floor. I had told Buzz to move those books.

Mother's Journal

By DANA BROOKINS

SUNDAY: New birth. A beautiful day. Fourth-graders on best behavior. We journeyed to park for nature study. A little girl found a coal-colored caterpillar with red spots. A black and crimson butterfly fluttered near. "Look, sweetie," cried the child. "There's your mama!"

Today Buzz' Sunday-school secretary, Letha, brought us a bag of candied walnuts. One of those little favors you nearly cry over. Sermon inspiring. All about refreshing yourself at the fountain of love. The minister always seems to have planned his sermons for me.

After lunch, Buzz and I sat holding hands for awhile, looking at our tiny family. Life at times is hectic, but there is always Sunday with its healing and replenishing. As a gift from God its pleasures cannot be measured.

Sunday was not always so for us. A few years ago it was a day for recuperating from Saturday-night parties. It was a day for sleeping late, for tolerating each other; a dismal day, necessary only for ending a week.

We lived fast and hard. We held wild parties that couldn't be classed as successful unless the police arrived to bring order. Many friendships were shallow; we had no ties except nights out with our friends.

Deep down I felt a yearning, as though a voice whispered, "There must be more in life than we are finding." Occasionally, when we took the children to the mountains, I would wander off to stand looking up the tree-furred slopes. "What are you seeking?" the inner voice always prodded. And the answer echoing back was always, "Something more."

I had begun to dislike even myself, and with this came neurotic problems. I could not make a new acquaintance without wondering whether she really liked me. I was sure the person did not. When you find nothing worth giving in yourself you are prone to stop offering, and friendly gestures from others become suspect.

My desires were based on what others had. Others had more happiness. Others' homes looked warmer. Others were more at peace with themselves.

One night, on a sudden whim, I started digging through some old boxes in the garage and came up triumphantly with a Bible. I sneaked it into the bedroom so that Buzz wouldn't laugh. Propped up in bed, I began to read the New Testament and was so engrossed I didn't hear Buzz come in. When I glanced up, startled, to find him watching me, it was too late to hide the book so I went on reading with a defiant air that said, "Laugh if you like." But my heart begged him to understand my seeking.

How can a woman love a man and never suspect that his soul, too, is crying for attention? Buzz sat down on the bed and was silent a moment. Then he said softly, with the beautiful pride of a child reciting his ABC's for the first time, "I used to name all the books of the Bible." From that moment we began to climb together.

The next Sunday morning I announced abruptly, "We're going to church today." I thought Buzz might protest, but he silently went to the kitchen and started making the orange juice. I was afraid we were not ready to take the giant step of shedding old habits. But it's a funny thing about climbing a mountain. Something keeps on urging you toward the top.

Since then religion has brought many changes in our lives. Sometimes I look in the mirror, and I think, "Is this me, this face with contented eyes?" There is no one in the world now whom I envy. When I offer myself in friendship, I don't probe beyond the sincerity in the other's face—and deeply cherished friendships have resulted.

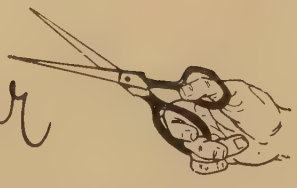
Our home life is normal and hectic, for what bed of roses is not thorny? But in our home now there are unity and warmth that were not there before. The six of us have a common goal—learning to understand ourselves and our neighbors. Once Buzz and I found a tinsel joy in living wildly. What a change religion has wrought!

What coming to know God better through his Son, through his people, through his Church, has meant to me I can never adequately express. I have found belief in myself, in others, and in a Power beyond any of us.

I have found energy for many tasks and some joy in every day. And I have discovered that holding hands on a Sunday afternoon is more exciting than the most glittering party I ever attended.

How to Get Better Movies

I Censor



William J. Campbell
Chief Judge, U.S. District Court, Chicago

The following is excerpted from Judge Campbell's decision in Zenith International Film Corporation v. Chicago, which upholds a police-censor ban on the showing of The Lovers. *The censors, empowered by a city ordinance, ruled the movie obscene.*—EDS.

GRANTED that motion pictures are a form of speech contemplated by the First and Fourteenth Amendments to the [U.S.] Constitution, and that freedom of speech is not absolute, it remains only to determine what restrictions may be placed upon motion pictures.

Invariably, restrictions upon freedom of speech will take either the form of subsequent punishment for a past offense or a form of previous restraint, the most common of which is censorship.

The [U.S.] Supreme Court has recognized the general condemnation of previous restraint of speech while acknowledging a wider latitude when it comes to the question of subsequent punishment. This is not to say, however, that previous restraint of speech is *per se* unconstitutional. The court states that "the primary requirements of decency may be enforced against obscene publications."

Granted that it is the position of the Supreme Court that previous restraint [of freedom of speech] is recognized in only exceptional cases, it must next be determined whether or not censorship of a motion picture under any circumstances presents such an exceptional case.

Though the Supreme Court has not expressly so stated, it is implicit in its decisions that motion-picture censorship is possible. It is my opinion that there is a *need* for censorship which extends beyond the sanction of subsequent punishment. Censorship of motion pictures is *necessary* to protect the "health," "morals," "safety," and "well-being and tranquility of a community."

A motion picture is highly capable of inciting audience reaction to its particular theme because of obvious audience difficulty, under the circumstances, to maintain "psychic distance."

The immediate danger is, of course, that a motion picture can incite unlawful *action*. Logic dictates that it is better to censor a motion picture capable of inciting a viewer to crime than punishing an exhibitor after a possible crime has occurred.

Motion pictures have a short life span, especially when as in Chicago, several theaters exhibit the same film concurrently. Assuming a violation of a subsequent punishment statute, the life span of the average motion picture will have ended long before a trial and conviction for violation of that statute would be possible.

For these reasons and others, it is my opinion that intelligent censorship of motion pictures is not only necessary, but it is also the only feasible method of restriction upon unlawful motion pictures.

The Supreme Court does recognize that there must be a logical basis for a previous restraint. Obscenity, which is the stated grounds for the censorship of *The Lovers* [has been] specifically held to be within the material scope of previous restraint of freedom of speech.

The historical distinction between previous restraint and subsequent punishment is grounded in political freedom and is directed against previous restraint upon *publication*.

The Chicago ordinance cannot be construed in any way to infringe upon political freedom and does not concern a previous restraint on *publication*, but rather only an administrative interference with *exhibition*.

[The ordinance states that "if a picture . . . for the showing . . . of which an application for a permit is made, is immoral or obscene, it shall be the duty of the commissioner of police to refuse such permit. . . ."]

If the quarrel with the Chicago ordinance is lack of "procedural safeguards," then it would be more logical to *correct* censorship procedure, rather than to abolish censorship absolutely.

As for the argument that motion-picture censorship can cause serious financial loss, I might point out that it can also lead directly to free publicity and indirectly to financial gain whenever a finding of illegality on the part of the censorship board is overturned by judicial action.

The extreme example is represented by Columbia Pictures Corporation v. Chicago where the District Court overturned the finding of the censorship board that the motion picture, *Anatomy of a Murder*, was obscene. The publicity following this decision was disrespectful to the dignity of the United States Courts to the great financial gain of the exhibitors.

If, as the Supreme Court indicates, freedom of speech and press are to be evaluated in terms of the "development and well-being of our free society," as well as its "continued growth," then I suggest that the quarrel with

ntelligent censorship of movies cannot exceed the quarrel with subsequent punishment for the exhibition of the ame films since the restrictive effects upon our society nust necessarily be the same.

It is purely an academic supposition to suggest that he sanctions of subsequent punishment do not affect reedom of expression to the same degree as intelligent ensorship when comparatively analyzed and applied to notion pictures.

On the contrary, if states and cities were to regulate notion pictures by means of incisive subsequent-unishment legislation within the permissive scope as lefined by the court, and exhibitors were forced to steer nervously among the treacherous shoals," the result would be analogous to self-imposed censorship.

In other words, motion-picture censorship is a less tringent form of restriction on freedom of speech than ubsequent punishment.

2 Boycott

Earl Kenneth Wood

Pastor; Former President of the Hollywood Ministerial Association

SEX, VICE, and sensationalism seem to be basic ingredients for current movies. The pendulum of frankness has swung so far that pleas for restraint are to be heard in strange places.

Al Capp, creator of *Li'l Abner,* has said, "I don't think movies have to show people wrestling around in bed to be frank, any more than photographing a sewer is necessary to achieve realism."

Fred Hift, once on the staff of *Variety* and now associated with Otto Preminger, wrote in the *Saturday Review:* "Sentiment for censorship of movies is sweeping the country and is a matter of considerable concern to executives in the film business." And Jack Hamilton, a *Look* writer, pointed out, "Many producers now evade, while claiming to uphold them, the Production Code's restrictions," implying that this is leading to real problems within and without the movie industry.

If these people and others in Hollywood are questioning the new trend to "frankness," shouldn't the voice of the church be heard, too? Perhaps by studying the liberal trend in the motion-picture industry we can answer the question: "Where does the church stand?"

Years ago the movie industry, confronted with the threat of censorship, created its own set of rules—the Production Code of the Motion Picture Association of America. Put into effect in 1930, this code was administered by Joseph I. Breen, a Roman Catholic, until 1954, and since that time by Geoffrey Shurlock, an Episcopalian. According to Shurlock, "The code is not concerned with good taste—only with the basic morals of a picture."

At first, producers made only those pictures that would receive the code's seal of approval. However, under an eventually liberalized point of view, such pictures as *Some Like It Hot, Blue Denim,* and *Anatomy of a Murder* were passed. These films, dealing with promiscuity, adultery, abortion, and rape, would have been denied the seal a few years ago.

Disregard for the code began in 1953 when Otto Preminger produced *The Moon Is Blue,* in which were used such words as "virgin," "seduce," and "pregnant," previously unfamiliar to the screen. In 1956 Preminger produced without a code seal *The Man With the Golden Arm,* which portrayed dope addiction. Noting that there was no outcry from the public or from the Roman Catholic Legion of Decency, and noting, too, that attendance increased, the movie industry decided that the time was right for liberalization.

Under the present code, the screen may treat any subject except homosexuality. "We don't say, 'Take the sin out,' but, 'Put it into a moral conflict,' " Shurlock reports, implying that in the moral conflict right will win and evil will be punished.

The code today is in a state of flux and directives are being sought. Eric Johnston, president of the MPAA, has admitted that his organization has been considering classifying films, although outwardly industry moguls decry such a thought.

While there are pros and cons, such a classification program has merit. But if we have to come to censorship we will face many profound problems. Under censorship there is always the question of who will do the censoring. Standards of judgment differ.

We do not want the censor to intervene. But a little time and a little more of the same kind of movie, and the censor won't be necessary. The industry will rot away of its self-inflicted infection. Hollywood producers, the industry's Production Code directors, and the MPAA all are looking for a way out of their dilemma.

The church, especially the Protestant church, does have something to say. We know that if nothing is done we will turn back the clock three decades or more, when the code became necessary.

For some, censorship may appear to offer the most logical solution of the problem. However, in this enlightened day of Protestantism there are many who feel that hiding an issue under a cloak of censorship doesn't solve the problem, but compounds it. By and large, Protestants would hesitate before urging any board of censorship for motion pictures.

The reason for this is clear. Dedicated to the idea that every man is, in his own right, an interpreter of religion, having free access to God's truth and the Scriptures, we Protestants feel this basic principle should carry itself over into the realm of what movies we see.

This boils down to a simple suggestion that each man be his own censor. By a careful screening of reviews, anyone can ascertain what pictures he wants to see and what he feels does not fall into the area of his Christian acceptance.

The development of a wise diet of entertainment is one of the parent's basic tasks. As we exercise our right as free-lance critics, we can indicate in a persuasive way our stand as Christians in this whole controversial issue.

There is a stand to be taken, and if we fail to use our

own initiative there may come a day when we will have forfeited that right into the hands of some type of censorship board.

When our positive and constructive stand is one of personal boycott rather than fettering censorship, we are operating in the best Protestant and democratic tradition.

Otto Preminger

Motion-Picture Producer and Director

As told to Parker B. Lusk

THE MORALS of movies came under attack soon after the first one-reelers flickered in turn-of-the-century nickelodeons. Some of the criticism was justified but the censorship that followed was not.

Today, as always, there are articulate minorities that would impose their narrow moral standards on the majority. These misguided crusaders are trying to revive film censorship, just when the courts are striking down the premise under which they operate by declaring such action unconstitutional.

"We must protect our children!" cry these moralists. Agreed, say I, and that's where parents come in. Responsible parents expose their children to a maximum of virtue and a minimum of sin. But many parents are irresponsible. They don't care what their children do or what movies they see.

The best course for us movie makers to steer between arbitrary censorship and utter freedom of expression would be in the direction of voluntarily classifying pictures. Our classification system might be much like that used in Great Britain, where movies are rated as suitable for the entire family, permitted for children only if accompanied by an adult, or for adults only. Other European countries also accept classification as a routine, sensible way of dealing with movie morality.

Many Americans already accept classification systems existing within private organizations and churches. And some theater owners refuse to admit children under 16 to pictures for which they are too immature.

Classification—done voluntarily by producers—would be one more factor aiding parents in making the selection. An organization already exists that could do the classifying: the Motion Picture Association of America. Or individual producers could do the job. It would not matter if some producers refused to co-operate, because lack of a classification could automatically be deemed by the public as tacit admission of the need for an "adults only" tag.

The responsibility of enforcing the classification system should rest with parents. Certainly, no police powers in this matter should be put in the hands of either the motion-picture industry or any branch of governmen

The loudest opposition to proposals of voluntary class fication comes from those who set the value of th dollar above human values—some of my fellow mov producers, I admit, as well as some film distributors an exhibitors.

They say classification would drive movie theaters ou of existence. They say it's censorship in disguise. The say it would be *carte blanche* to those who would grin out smut, label it adult, and watch the crowds storm th box office.

Classification is none of these. It is a voluntary syste that would, as an aid to parents, label movies. It woul relieve parents of none of the responsibility that is in escapably theirs.

Those who object on the grounds that the "adult only" tag will limit their profits can make pictures fit t be seen by the whole family. That does not seem an un reasonable request.

Hollywood seems strongly opposed to classificatio It may never come about unless it is forced on th industry. That could happen, for there is considerabl clamor for censorship, and classification may be viewe as the compromise. It certainly is preferable to totalitaria censorship.

I don't want my pictures censored, and film audience should not want their pictures chosen for them. Advic they should seek and advice they should take, but th ultimate choice must be theirs.

Movie censorship has always been ludicrous. One o the reasons is the censors themselves. In one of America largest cities the head of the movie censor board is police sergeant. Some of his board members are widow of politicians. In another city, the mayor's secretarie reportedly took turns as censors. Another began wielding his scissors at the age of 60 and snipped away until he was nearly 90.

And the censors have left a sorry record. Ohio's censo board forbade distribution of the film, *M,* "on accoun of being harmful." Why it was "harmful" was left un explained.

Movie-goers in a large Southern city were not per mitted to hear Lena Horne sing, watch Rochester's bumptious antics with Jack Benny, or listen to the in spired trumpet of Louis Armstrong. These Negro stars said the censor, were "inimical to public health, safety morals, and welfare."

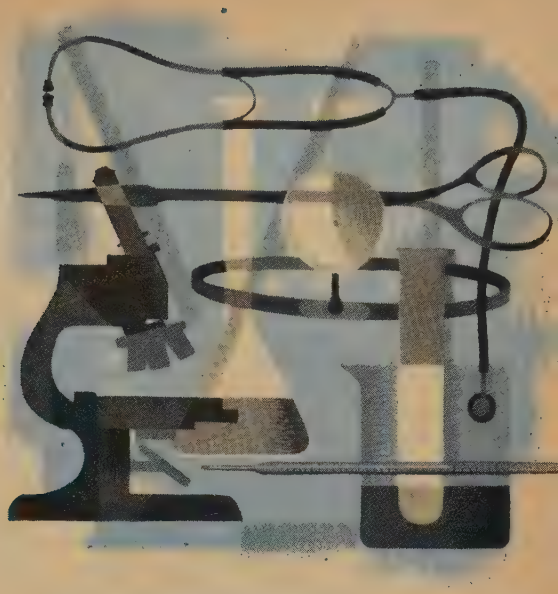
There is a need for a division of the audience into the immature and the adult—at, say, the age of 16—for *some* motion pictures. Frank discussion of so-called grown-up topics will not spoil the character of any adult. If an adult is normal to begin with, he won't be led astray by a film. And if he isn't normal, he'd find something else to put him out of balance even if he never had watched a movie.

A greater danger to public morality is the excess of violence on television, which is much more likely to be seen by impressionable children.

Television could save its "adults only" fare for showing after children's bedtime. The movies, however, must use a different technique. And it is with this problem in mind that I recommend classification as a tool which will help parents meet their responsibilities.

The Wedge of LOVE

By ANNE COLE



Surgery repaired her spine—
but understanding care and personal sacrifice
brought back her will to live.

TODAY I walked across the floor and remembered Helen once again.

Helen and I met under circumstances made for making memories. The magic she created came as a result of her love for every single one of God's children, a love of almost tangible intensity. In her job as a nurse, that love not only made memories, it also made miracles.

I really don't remember the first time I saw her. I was enveloped in a shell of self-centeredness and self-pity when it happened; and I didn't see Helen or anyone else, only the seriousness of my own situation. I had gone to the hospital for the tenth time in four years and, in a coward's attempt at suicide, had agreed to submit to a third spinal fusion. I remember ignoring Helen's early attempts to invade my shell. I remember smiling and turning away, but my eyes did not see and my heart did not feel the first efforts Helen made toward winning my love.

At seven one morning, hands without a body prepared me for surgery. At five that evening, the same hands gently brushed damp hair from my eyes just as I began to see the world again. Next to my husband's haggard face I saw another, beautiful but blurred, whose name I did not know. But I knew the name for the expression that filled the eyes. The name was love. And I felt the tender efficiency of the eyes' hands as they turned me and as they washed my skin and injected a needle filled with oblivion.

Vaguely, sometime during the hours that followed, I heard the voice of my surgeon: "Get a special nurse." Then Jim's foggy-edged answer: "If we have to." And I thought only one word: "Money."

Immediately I heard a voice which I knew belonged to the love in those eyes: "I'll stay." And the word "Money" fled from my mind.

About six the next morning, I really saw Helen for the first time. Her dark eyes flashed a smile as she said, "So you finally decided to join us again." Those eyes told me she knew I had returned against my will.

"Are you still here?" I mumbled.

She wet my lips and whispered, "Now, don't you worry. I've been sleeping here by your bed."

At seven o'clock she went on floor duty once again.

For days I cannot recall, she continued to alternate her unpaid special duty and a job that supported her mother and a four-year-old son. Her persistent presence and understanding robbed the pain-filled nights of their horror. She was always there. We talked of all the world's problems. We laughed at all the hospital jokes. We shared all my moments of mental and physical torture . . . shared them and, together, conquered them. I gave her nothing. She gave me back a desire to live.

At first when Jim came for his evening visits, Helen disappeared. But when she returned with my eight o'clock juice and we found she brought laughter and joy besides the tinkling glass, we begged her to stay. That hour and a half began to be the focal point of my day—a time when I could lie and watch my husband regain some of the strength each day had cost him. Together they turned me, straightened my bed, gave me courage to face another night.

Then one morning, just as had happened twice before, I had to admit that my back was failing to heal. Of course, the charts had told Helen long before my body told me.

I will never forget that day. I had awakened before dawn to an empty room. My eyes searched for Helen, who had become my crutch against this special terror. Her chair sat close beside the bed, a rumpled pillow in one corner. I tried to move and then I knew. My heart rose in my throat, where it beat in smothering, choking throbs. Not again! Why? Why hadn't I died?

The door opened. Helen came in, a coffee cup in her outstretched hand. Then she saw the despair in my eyes. The cup fell to the floor, bounced, and rolled beneath the bed. The corners of her mouth tightened and she stood absolutely still. I heard the clock beside my bed and I thought, "How can she care so much?"

Silently she cleaned the floor and fluffed my pillow. Then she said softly, "Anne, God had a reason." Nothing more.

For days, I hunted for that reason while I hid once more inside my shell and hurt Helen with my snubs of reality. I became more morose than ever; Helen became even more loving. She put the telephone beside me and suggested I use it. "You're get-

A Sign Cooled Our Tempers

By ALICE R. HYDLE

FOUR words changed our lives. One lazy Saturday morning I was puttering around the house when suddenly my husband came bounding angrily into the room. His newspaper was opened to the real-estate page.

"Look at that!" Jim roared. "That dead beat!" And he pointed to a picture of a beautiful new home, under which a brief caption told the owner's name: Reed Morrel.

My blood began simmering, too. Reed had borrowed money from us and he hadn't even answered our letters asking for token payments on the interest. Finally he had disappeared.

And now he was moving into a swank new home!

That weekend we drove to see him for a showdown. As we were turning into a side road leading to this new home, we saw a picturesque church. In front was a sign that stopped us cold. "Blame softly . . . Praise loudly," it urged. We drove on, feeling guilty for our anger.

By the time we found the house our feelings were under control. Jim's voice was calm as he climbed out of the car, walked over to a workman, and asked for Reed.

A tall, stately man approached Jim. I could see he wasn't Reed Morrel. But they talked. Then in a few minutes Jim came back to the car.

"That's Reed's uncle," he explained. "Reed lives down the road a piece."

Four miles farther on we came to Reed's house. And there he sat—in a wheel chair. As we drove up, his wife and three children came to meet us. They certainly didn't look prosperous.

Trying to get out of debt, we learned, Reed had been working day and night. Then, three months ago, he had fallen into a threshing machine and had been in the hospital until last week.

Reed wheeled himself into the house and brought out a roll of bills, carefully hoarded despite medical expenses. It was a full repayment of our loan. He seemed more than apologetic as he sat there, explaining why we had not heard from him.

"I was ashamed to answer your letters," he said. "But I saved this money. I'm only sorry I had to be so late with it."

We're using the money—since Reed insists he no longer needs it—to buy land for a new home near his. People like Reed Morrel are the kind of neighbors to have!

ting out of touch with the world," sh coaxed. I ignored it and her.

She suggested to the doctor tha the "No Visitors" sign on my doo did more harm than good. So had visitors by the dozens. Helen talked to them. Patiently, she trie to force me to admit I was stil alive. But I didn't want to be.

In answer to a call from Helen my sister came and sat with me i the afternoons. What agony thos silent, belligerent hours were! hated the world and all who lived i it.

Then one day the doctor cam on his rounds.

"Anne, I think we might get fusion if we tried once again. We'd use live bone—not yours or any from the bone bank as we did before."

"No," I answered, and turned my head to the wall.

I heard Helen's sharp breath, but I didn't care.

All that day, Helen met my visitors with, "They're going to do another fusion, this time using live bone."

Each visitor asked, "Where will they get the bone?" Visitors who were my best friends; visitors who were my business associates; visitors who were members of my church.

My sister asked. My husband asked. I didn't ask. I didn't care.

As Helen tucked me in that night, she brought me back up from the black pit into which I had descended. Reaching to turn out the light, she paused and said, "Anne, you can have my bone."

The others had asked, "Where will they get the bone?" Helen, who had known me only a short while, had answered. I could find neither words nor voice to express my gratitude. My eyes filled with tears, but words would not come.

Then she turned my face toward hers and tears welled from beneath her lids. "Anne, my bone is just as white as yours."

I gasped. Of course I had noticed, but at that moment I first consciously realized that Helen and belonged to different races. . . .

Today I walked across the floor and remembered Helen once again. And tomorrow, when I walk once more, I will again be thankful for her wedge of love that literally and figuratively supports me.

Why I AM A Methodist

By RICHARD S. BATTLE

How would you explain your faith? Here is what one layman—a journalist—told fellow Methodists when asked to discuss the "why" of his beliefs. His thoughts have special significance this month as Lent begins February 15, Ash Wednesday.

WHEN THE program chairman of our Methodist Men asked me to participate in a panel discussion and explain in five minutes why I am a Methodist, I agreed without hesitation. It sounded simple enough. But when I finally tried to put my thinking into words, I suspected my explanation had more words and form than truth and meaning.

I sought my wife's reaction.

"I doubt they'll know what you're talking about," she said with her usual directness when I had finished reading. "Why don't you tell them you're really a Methodist because you simply don't like to be told what you *must* do about anything—even religion."

There was more to her comment than a small joke at my expense. I tore up the words and phrases so carefully compiled and asked myself again: "Why *am* I a Methodist?" Slowly the real answers came.

I am a Methodist because Methodism gives me an opportunity to make up my mind; because this understanding church accepts me as I am, and where I am, on my profession that I am a stumbling, failing searcher for God and that I believe in Jesus as his Son.

I am a Methodist because Methodism presents me with a chance to decide for myself; because its wide dimensions guide, stimulate, and inspire its members—and, indeed, all who will heed its call—to lead Christian lives; because it avoids imposition of a theological dictatorship which could narrow and warp my personal search for God.

True, I was born of Methodist parents, reared in a Methodist home, and early enrolled into a Methodist Sunday school. I could almost say that I believe in God because it runs in the family.

But this accounts only for the first few years of my life. There followed a period when, in the careless wisdom of young manhood, I decided it made no difference whether a man went to church—any church—or not. When more mature judgment led me to recognize the need of every man for church association, I might have turned to any one of many denominations.

I came back to Methodism because its doctrine, its philosophy, and its path toward God through Jesus Christ gave me both the intellectual freedom and the strong and vibrant challenge I sought.

I am a Methodist because I find Methodism a chart which helps me steer a course, not merely a vehicle on undeviating tracks to which I must give blind and unquestioning faith; because the *Discipline* provides me with direction without being dogmatic; because the Methodist government is the most democratic of any church I know, giving me a voice if I care to raise it.

I am a Methodist because The Methodist Church, even with the faults it has, is a learning and growing church. I am thinking of growth in aspiration rather than in numbers; of learning as a zeal for new discovery and higher truth.

As a Methodist, I can be strong in my belief and my faith, yet see good and wisdom in the sincere beliefs of other men whose ways are not my ways but who also share a desire for the ultimate truth of the goodness of God.

I am a Methodist because conduct rather than creed is the test of membership because Methodism, above all other faiths, emphasizes the personal element.

I am a Methodist because The Methodist Church presents a religion of challenge and widening perspective; because I am free to find for myself the love and power of God, the truth and wonder of the Bible, and the fellowship of Jesus Christ, without being bound by limits prescribed by priest or pope or the theological decisions of other men.

Methodism gives me hope when I stumble and the truth of a forgiving and understanding God ever and personally available when I seek him in humility and sincerity. It accepted me as a child and gave me room to grow and learn, not in a vacuum of dusty and predetermined theology but in an atmosphere of free inquiry and widening horizons.

In the phrases of others, I am a Methodist because my church "without laying down any pattern of ex-

getting along Together

After an especially trying day with our four-year-old son, I heard him say as he knelt for prayers, "Please, God, give Mommy more patience." I was so touched that I scooped him up in my arms and kissed him.

"See, God, it worked already," he said.

—Mrs. Roger Martin, *St. Paul Minn.*

While I was expecting our baby, I attended a Methodist rummage sale with only 25 cents. I bought a few things, put them in a paper sack, then laid the bag down while I looked around some more.

When I got home and started to show my husband what I had bought, I found that at least $5 worth of baby things had been added, underneath what I had bought, and given to us by the church!

—Mrs. Robert Hettinger, *Logansport, Ind.*

He had been married and divorced three times when he met the girl he was sure would make him the happiest of men. However, there was one difficulty—no minister in their city would marry them. At length after many inquiries, he found a willing pastor in a neighboring town.

The ceremony over, he pressed a folded $100 bill into the pastor's hand as he shook it warmly. "Keep the change," he said expansively.

"Thank you," said the pastor gravely. "Thank you, sir—and I hope that you will keep yours."

—Frances Rodman, *Ridgewood, N.J.*

When the Rev. William H. Baudendistel, enterprising young pastor of the Uniondale, N.Y., Methodist Church, installed a telephone answering service in his study and each day recorded on it a 60-second "Thought for the Day," he hoped it would bring spiritual comfort to many residents of the vicinity.

And it has—200 a day dial his message. But he didn't anticipate one kind of comfort it would bring.

"Your 'Thought for the Day' certainly helped me last night," a teenager told him recently.

"It did?" he asked in pleased surprise. "Tell me about it."

"Well, that was a creepy, creaky old house where I was baby-sitting until 2 a.m. I got scared and I dialed you—five times!"

—Marion Stocker, *Philadelphia, Pa.*

The pioneer Methodist preacher, Peter Cartwright, was often much annoyed by one sister, more noisy than pious, who sounded off on a high key at every opportunity. At a class meeting one day she broke out with, "If I had one more feather in the wing of my faith, I could fly away and be with the Savior."

"Stick in the feather, O Lord, and let her go," fervently responded Brother Cartwright.

—Le Olia Schultz, *Warren, Ind.*

Friendship shown to Puerto Rican migrant workers is always returned a hundredfold. Once when we found it raining after a Spanish service we drove two of the boys home.

They were all smiles when we left them at the farm. Soon one was back at our home, having walked through the rain to express his appreciation not for the ride but for the friendship he found among strangers.

—Mrs. R. Morris Weaver, *Millersville, Pa.*

My husband and I were visiting grandchildren in Eugene, Oreg., whom we had never seen. There were four children, a brother and sister, a half brother, and a stepsister.

When asking the blessing at the evening meal, I thanked God for the deep love the parents showered impartially on them all, and prayed for his blessings and guidance.

My little four-year-old stepgrandson patted his daddy's arm. "That," he exclaimed, "was a good 'un, wasn't it!"

—Mrs. J. W. Chaplin, *Lamar, Colo.*

Little tales for this column must be true—stories which somehow lightened a heart. Together *pays $5 for each one printed. No contributions can be returned; please don't enclose postage.*—Eds.

perience in repentance, faith, conversion, or assurance . . . has proclaimed that a life of joy and peace should flow from fellowship with Christ and his people"; because my church "is broad enough to embrace all who worship and serve Jesus Christ . . . preaching a Gospel large enough to meet the spiritual needs of all men."

I am a Methodist because my church gives me work to do and opportunity to use my talents in its growth and outreach.

I am a Methodist because, as a writer myself, I recognize the thought, the study, and the careful craftsmanship and scholarship in its literature; because I believe in the honesty of the writers and editors who produce that literature, even when I disagree with their viewpoints; and because when I honestly disagree I can express my contrary opinion and know it will be read.

The Methodist Church is not static in its thinking, its theology, its writing, or—for the most part—in its preaching. Whatever else it may have lost since its founding, it has never lost its courage.

I am a Methodist because Methodism can speak clearly, loudly, and firmly for its convictions and for the right as we see it—and yet hear with good will and tolerance the sincere convictions of those not sharing its views.

I am a Methodist because I believe, as Dr. Gilbert T. Rowe states:

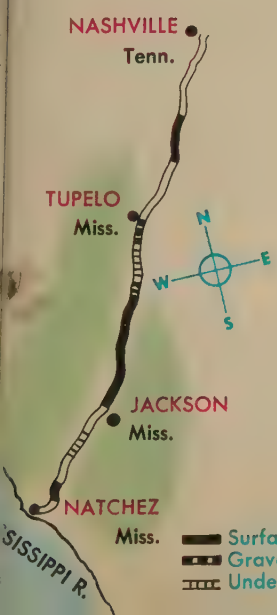
". . . Among Protestants, Methodism stands for an inclusive Christianity. It believes that the things that unite Christians are far more important than the things that divide. It has no exclusive doctrines, rites, or ceremonies."

I believe with the late Bishop Charles C. Selecman that Methodism "teaches that all men are included in the Atonement and the Gospel invitation; that all must repent and believe on the Lord Jesus Christ; that all followers of Christ may have access to the sacraments of Baptism and the Lord's Supper; and that ordination of any established evangelical church is valid."

I am a Methodist because with The Methodist Church I can repeat and maintain the words of John Wesley: "Is thy heart right, as my heart is with thine? . . . I give thee the right hand of fellowship."

Nashville, Tenn., where the Methodist Publishing House's circuit-rider trade-mark is known as the "Texas nickel," is a logical place to start the tour.

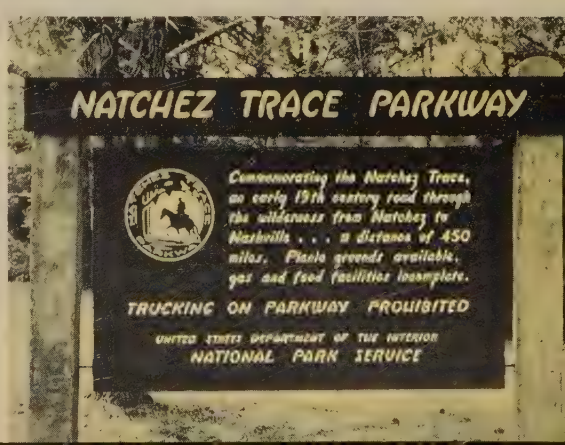
Along the Natchez Trace



TOURISTS WHO want to see the Old South as few Southerners have seen it now can follow a broad strip of green parkway that pushes southwestward 450 miles from Nashville, Tenn., into the ante-bellum world of Natchez, Miss. Nicking Alabama, the road enters Mississippi from the Tennessee River hills. This is the Natchez Trace Parkway, created and maintained by the National Park Service.

"Trace" is an old word for a blazed trail. None in the South is more historic than this one. Dim here, a slash of raw earth there, in some places a tunnel roofed by trees, the Trace is an erosion that began with the buffalo. It knew the war tread of moccasins, the marching boots of soldiers, the stealthy crawl of cutthroat highwaymen....all now phantoms of history. But each left his mark—none more lasting than that of the Methodist circuit rider. Appropriately, his image symbolizes the Natchez Trace Parkway on roadside signs *(see below)*.

Floyd A. Johnson, TOGETHER's art editor, followed these last spring when he backtracked the circuit riders to do the fine water colors on these pages.



Tupelo-Baldcypress Swamp, once a hangout for robbers, is now a parkway nature trail.

ARMED ONLY with faith, circuit riders usually traveled alone through swamp and forest infested by Indians and bandits. Tobias Gibson, the first, reached Natchez in 1799 after boating down river. He made two round trips on the Trace to attend conferences in Tennessee and Kentucky. He organized the first Methodist church in Washington, Miss., and died, a young man, in 1804. A monument stands over his grave a few miles south of Vicksburg.

This "mourners' bench" at Thornton Chapel, near Canton, Miss., recalls Methodism's past.

THE OLD CHURCHES of Mississippi grew from seed planted by Gibson. When Learner Blackman took charge in 1805, he built one in Natchez, and in two years boosted the area's Methodist membership from 8 to 415. (Today it is near 220,000.) Drowned in 1815, he had traveled some 30,000 miles in the saddle. Other circuit riders died young, too, but none fell victim of the ambush and human violence that took scores of lives on the rugged and oftimes bloody Trace.

Thornton Chapel's exterior.

Land Rich in Methodist Lore

FOR GENERATIONS, Natchez prospered and bloomed as profusely as the magnolias that line her streets today. First settled by the French, who built a fort on the site in 1716, it later passed through English and Spanish hands before becoming a part of the U.S.

Natchez was port city for murder, gambling, prostitution, and intrigue—as well as bustling commerce—and it was a prime target for the Methodist circuit rider who sought to spread the Gospel and the doctrines of John Wesley in the new nation. For a lesser breed, the dangers and obstacles he faced would have been insurmountable. One story has it that in 1802, when Tobias Gibson rode from Natchez to the Western Conference north of Nashville at Strother's Meeting House (now relocated on the campus of Scarritt College in Nashville), he had not shaken the hand of another preacher for nearly four years! But Gibson opened a gate to the Southwest, and those who came after him left churches, schools, and congregations that continue to grow.

Natchez found itself withering on the vine shortly after the Civil War. The steamboats began to disappear when the railroads came. Erosion took soil worn out by overplanting. Depressions came, and many of the old plantation families moved across the river into Louisiana and Texas. But the fine old homes, visited each March by thousands of women in organized garden-club tours, remained in Natchez. So did churches the circuit riders had built. Many can be seen today — some on the old Trace, others along the new parkway which is due for completion by 1966.

This Methodist landmark, a "must" for tourists, is the Rocky Springs Church, built on the old Trace in 1837.

Old signs also mark the Trace.

OLD
TRACE

The departed glory of river days is preserved in this steamboat museum at Vicksburg.

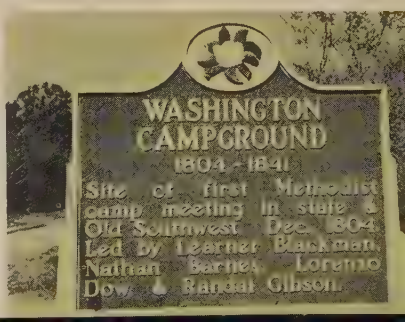
I hear dat bell a ringing,
I see de captain stand;
Boat done blow'd her whistle,
I know she's gwine to land.

—Will S. Hays

THOUGH DRIVEN by an all-consuming zeal, some of the itinerant preachers who rode the Trace were uneducated; others were men of cultured talent. One such was Newit Vick, a Virginian, who laid out the Mississippi River town that today bears his name—Vicksburg.

The Parkway skirts Methodism's old camp-meeting grounds near Washington, first in Mississippi.

A STRANGE MAN, Lorenzo Dow! Though never formally accepted by his Methodist brethren (he would not stay put on circuits), he held revivals and camp meetings all along the Natchez Trace in the early 1800s. Connecticut born, he never shaved, never cut his hair, and feared neither devil nor man. Some people disliked or feared him—he often was driven from towns, harassed, scorned, even beaten. But he pushed on —as did increasing numbers of his brethren—and converted hundreds, including the devout Eliza Low *(see next page)*.



Rosalie: it tells the story of a man's love for a woman, and her love for the church.

THE ORPHANED ELIZA had barely entered her teens when she married Peter Little and at once was put aboard a boat for schooling in the East. She returned several years later, beautiful, refined, and devoutly Methodist. Her devoted husband built her a mansion, known today as Rosalie, on the most commanding site in town. Soon it became a way station for all circuit riders —so much so that Mr. Little built *them* a place nearby. It's The Parsonage *(see photo, left)*, and, like Rosalie, is on the itinerary for garden tours each March.

Teens Together

By RICHMOND BARBOUR

Cartoon by Charles M. Schulz

"Do you want to meet me after school but before Hi-Y, or after Hi-Y but before Student Council, or after Student Council but before Youth Fellowship?"

Q *My brother, 16, was kicked out of school last year. He sleeps all day and runs around all night. Recently he came home drunk and hit my father. Mama is afraid he'll hit her next. Can't somebody stop him?—J.V.*

A Yes. The county probation office takes over when teen-agers are out of control. Ask your mother to talk with one of the workers there. She'll find the number in the phone book.

Q *I dated a girl three times last month. Each time I went for her, her father offered a drink. I declined. I'm 16, but I look older. Is it right for adults to offer boys drinks?—B.R.*

A No, it is not right. It's good that you declined.

Q *My parents are talking seriously about a divorce. I cry when I hear them. They've been married 20 years. They need each other. I need both of them. I love them! Is there a way to get them together?—E.R.*

A Has your minister counseled with them? He may be able to help, or he could refer you to a family-counseling agency in your city. Trained counselors save many marriages.

Q *I go to a high school with high standards and much homework. I study from 7 p.m. until 1 a.m., seven nights a week. Even so I'm falling behind. Not even the brightest kids can keep up. I'm ready to quit. What's the sense in giving us more homework than we can do?—P.P.*

A Don't quit. Instead ask your principal to have the faculty review its homework policies. I believe it would be better if teachers differentiated between pupils. They should give heavy assignments to the fastest pupils, average assignments to the average ones, and light assignments to the slower ones. A few teachers already are doing this. In many schools this year conscientious boys and girls who learn slowly are having a tough time.

Q *I don't intend to smoke. However, I'd like to know if smoking is a biblical sin.—A.T.*

A Smoking originated long after the Bible was written, so it can't be a biblical sin. My feeling is that smoking is a mistake. There is ample evidence it contributes to ailments. Smokers shorten their lives.

Q *I'm 13. Kids make fun of me because I stutter. Is there any way for me to overcome it?—J.R.*

A Does your school employ a speech therapist? If not, go to your public-speaking teacher. He may be able to help you.

Q *Am I to blame for other kids' crimes? My father reads reports of juvenile lawbreakers, then glares at me as though it were my fault. I can't bring friends home any more. When I do he treats them as delinquents. Why is he this way?—H.G.*

A He loves you and worries about you. Probably his parents treated him with similar suspicion. Ask your mother to help him understand that over 90% of today's teen-agers are fine, capable kids. Clip articles reporting the good things young people do. Have your father read them. Try to be so responsible that he has nothing to criticize. Once he realizes that you are good he'll feel relieved, and may be able to change.

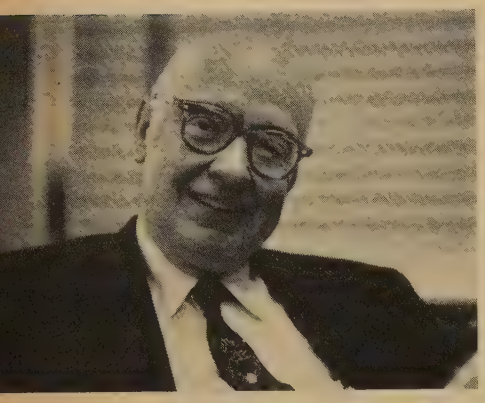
Q *I am 13. Recently I sat next to a boy at the matinee. He kissed me. At first I got goose pimples. After a while I liked it. Am I old enough to kiss boys at matinees?—M.C.*

A No, and you never will be. When you are engaged it will be proper to kiss the man you love. But even then you shouldn't do it in public.

Q *I'm an honor student, entering 12th grade. When I take regular classes I get straight As. In the honors classes I get Bs. If I don't have As, I won't qualify for the college I've chosen. Should I go back to regular classes?—B.H.*

A Probably you should. You may learn less. But for college entrance purposes the *A* grades from regular classes matter more than *B* grades from honors classes. The teach-

Bishop Nall Answers Questions About



Your Faith and Your Church

Does one progress from Trinitarianism to Unitarianism?

Although some people think so, is not the progression in the opposite direction? The Christian church moved from the monolithic monad of Judaistic thought to the far richer and more meaningful triunity of Christian belief. (Call it *triunitarian,* as Frederick C. Grant suggests!)

There is a unity of three persons, with three "centers of consciousness," or three hypostases (individualizations or realities), a "trinity in unity."

Someone suggests that the persons of the Trinity are like the three forms of water in rain, snow, and ice. But no figure of speech is quite adequate to do more than suggest the many-sided nature of God.

Why do Jehovah's Witnesses refuse the flag salute?

"Little children, keep yourselves from idols" (1 John 5:21) is the Scripture cited; for the Witnesses consider all flags—and much else—as idols to be shunned.

The fanaticism they show in maintaining this belief, even at the cost of jail sentences and much else that they regard as persecution, astonishes and abashes persons of other faiths. Their refusal to obey the draft law has brought them ridicule and imprisonment. Indignities seem to strengthen rather than weaken their faith.

This is true of other exclusive movements that insist on all insiders being always right, and all outsiders being invariably wrong. They believe that they have been selected as a chosen "remnant" (Jeremiah 15:11, KJV, and Romans 9:27 KJV) and that this status is far better than what others term "success."

What is the final authority for Christians?

Not "mother church," which tolerates no error or heresy. Not the Bible, which has sometimes been called "the religion of Protestants." Not a doctrine or dogma, creed or confession of faith. And surely no man's individual conscience.

The final authority is the Mind of Christ, so far as each one of us can discover it. Remember what Paul said: "Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus" (Philippians 2:5 KJV).

True enough, the search for this mind, the spirit of love and truth, is a long and hard one. It is much easier to accept some other authority. It is simpler to explain away some of the "hard sayings" of Jesus. But we know that only His mind brings us to the God whose love was revealed to us fully in his Son and will not now let us go.

Author, world traveler, minister, and former editor of the *Christian Advocate*—this background helps Bishop T. Otto Nall, episcopal leader of the Minnesota Area of The Methodist Church, answer your questions about religion each month.

ers of your honors classes should change their grading. They are penalizing their students unfairly.

Q *I'm no good. One year ago I made an awful mistake with a boy. Now I'm in love again. I sinned once, so why not sin again? Am I headed for trouble?—L.A.*

A I'm afraid you are. Remember, two wrongs never make a right. Go to a responsible adult you can trust. I hope it can be your mother. If not, talk with your Sunday-school teacher or your minister. Ask for advice. Then follow it. Avoid situations in which you might be tempted. Pray for strength, and God will help you.

Q *I'm 17, but think and act as an adult. I'm embarrassed because my father made so much of Christmas. He put up our tree in November, put presents all over the place; and invited relatives in Christmas Eve. Isn't it too childish for me?—D.J.*

A No, it isn't. I can understand your feeling. The things you enjoyed during childhood seem silly now. However you'll change and realize that Christmas is a wonderful season for all.

Q *We've been going steady for over a year. My girl is 16, I'm 17. Recently her mother gave her a talking to about petting and sex. She spoke as though she does not trust us. We've never done anything wrong. Why is she suspicious?—L.J.*

A Probably you've misjudged things. If your girl's mother had serious doubts she wouldn't let her daughter go with you. Most parents discuss petting and sex with their teenagers. However, many are late in doing it. Keep on being good. You'll never be sorry.

Q *I'm engaged to a boy who has kidney disease. His doctor says he will not live to see his 40th birthday. Isn't there some way to cure his disease?—B.M.*

A I do not know. Only a medical specialist could tell you. One of my friends had a similar disease. He lived an active Christian life. He married and was the father of three fine children. Death came, as expected, but

his life was a triumph. He used to tell me that the number of days we live doesn't matter so much as the way we live. Right, wasn't he?

Q *I'm a girl, 17. My fiance is 20. His emotions get the better of him each time we park and neck. I'm tempted also. We can't marry until I finish high school. We're afraid we will do something we'll regret. Can you help us?—J.S.*

A All engaged couples face the same problem. My advice is to avoid situations which are apt to lead to trouble. Your instinctive responses come like lightning and could betray you. Specifically, don't park and neck. You can enjoy companionship with each other in safer places.

Q *I'm going to move away or kill myself. I'm a girl of 14. My father is dead. My mother whips me with the buckle end of a belt. I'm bruised all over. One night she tried to choke me. A neighbor heard her and saved me. Do I have to put up with this?—D.M.*

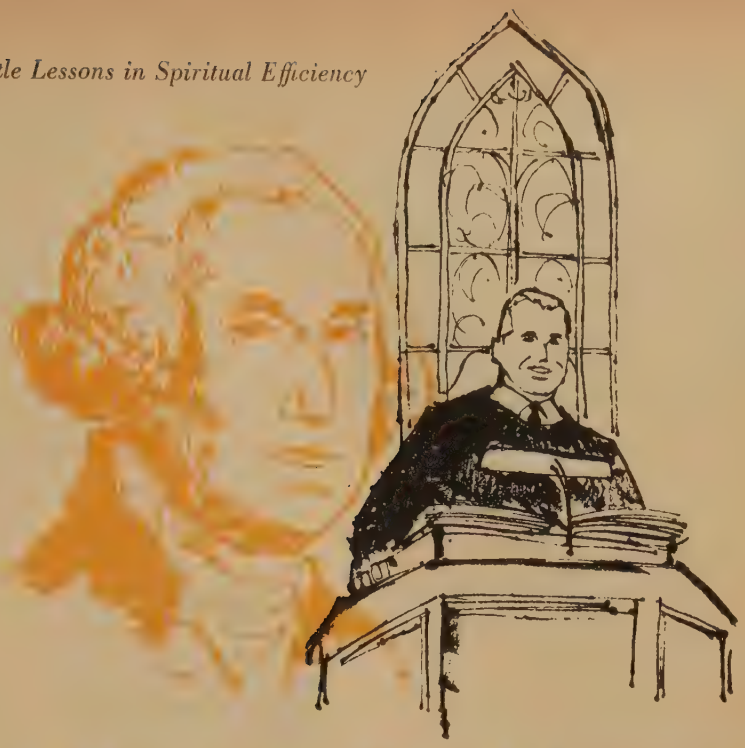
A No, you don't. Go to your county probation office. You'll find the address in the phone book. Explain the situation to one of the workers. She'll know how to help you and your mother too.

Q *My parents won't let me buy a car. I'm 17 and have the money. They'll approve only after I graduate from high school. My friends have cars. Why are my parents so vicious?—G.N.*

A Your parents are cautious. They know that most boys' grades tumble when they get cars, and that the accident rate for teen-age boys is about five times as high as for adults. Try to obey your parents with good grace. Eventually you may thank them.

If your teen problem seems different and you need experienced counseling in solving it, try Dr. Barbour. Write him c/o TOGETHER, *740 N. Rush St., Chicago 11, Ill., and watch* Teens Together *for a reply.*

Little Lessons in Spiritual Efficiency



Is George Washington Still Living?

By ROY L. SMITH

AN AMERICAN visiting Russia was asked by an elderly peasant woman, "Is George Washington still living?"

The aged woman who posed the question in all seriousness, did not realize how profound it was. It is a matter we Americans might well ponder. To what extent are the ideals and hopes of the "father of his country" still alive in America?

It is easy to find fault with the men we elect to office. But the lawmakers at the nation's capital and at the state capitals are the choices of the people, and, to a great extent, represent the prevailing standards of honesty and intelligence. To complain about Congress, or our state legislature, or our city council is to pass judgment on ourselves.

The real problem is not in Washington, D.C., but in the cities and towns across the nation. Is George Washington still alive in our neighborhood?

The same sort of thing can be asked of the Christian church:

Is John Wesley still living? Is Francis Asbury still alive? How much of Martin Luther and the other great reformers can one find in modern Protestantism?

It can be said, with a great deal of truth, that the average congregation gets the kind of preaching it wants.

The leading layman of one large-city congregation once admonished the preacher: "You can't preach like that in this pulpit and get away with it. The papers in this town will make it hot for you, and we can't afford to lose their good will."

He wanted his preacher to "play it safe." There was little of John Wesley or Francis Asbury in that kind of advice.

"I do not dare preach a sermon on temperance," another pastor confessed. "Too many of my people serve liquor in their homes." And the spirit of the great founders of Methodism was dead in that church and congregation.

If the spirit of adventure is alive among the people, the spirit of prophecy will prevail in the pulpit. If the hearers are brave the preacher will be courageous. If the congregation really wants leadership the pastor will step out ahead.

Light Unto My Path

WEEKLY MEDITATIONS
BY MINISTERS
ON INTERNATIONAL
SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS

Carroll H. Thompson
Ballinger, Tex.

FEBRUARY 5

Jesus said to them, "I am the bread of life; he who comes to me shall not hunger, and he who believes in me shall never thirst."—John 6:35

A TEACHER asked a boy in class to name three food essentials. He said, "Breakfast, dinner, and supper." That is a good Christian answer.

Bread is the basic need of life, an urgent word of God to man. The problem of getting it consumes a major portion of our energy and links us with a great network of divine and human relationships. All physical life is dependent on God-given bread. Without the basic elements of nitrogen, hydrogen, carbon, and oxygen in bread, life would wither and die.

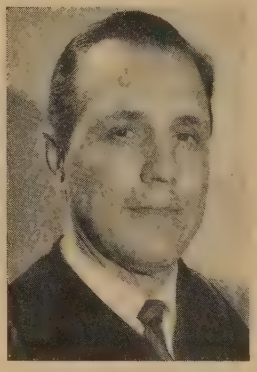
The difficulty comes when we think of bread as nothing but bread, when we forget its spiritual nature, divorce economics from religion, and try to solve the problem of bread by bread alone. Often we overlook the fact that bread comes from God. Paul says we are workers together with God. Man's ingenuity can cooperate with the forces of nature, make the earth produce more wheat and corn, give more and more bread to more and more people, but always God is the giver of the miracle of bread.

Sensitive as Jesus was to the physical needs of men, he saw to the heart of the bread problem. He knew it was not a problem of bread alone, but that it was everlastingly rooted in the spiritual; that it could be solved only by saving people from their sins. He said: "It is written, 'Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceeds from the mouth of God.'"

The tragedy of life is not that we have to die, but that many of us die on the deeper level of life while we are yet alive. All about us are those who are spiritually starved, for they have been trying to live without the spiritual bread of God. In response to the request to give the bread that brings life abundant and everlasting, Jesus replied that he himself is this bread which supplies life. The spiritual vitamins God so abundantly offers to the spiritually starved are wrapped in the person of Jesus Christ, our Savior, as he comes to each of us with the words, "I am the bread of life; he who comes to me shall not hunger."

Prayer: O God, our Father, help us in our daily hungering and thirsting after righteousness to find our strength in Him who is the bread of life, even Christ Jesus our Lord. Amen.

—CARROLL H. THOMPSON



Merle D. Broyles
Lombard, Ill.

FEBRUARY 12

"I am the light of the world; he who follows me will not walk in darkness, but will have the light of life."—John 8:12

HAVE YOU ever witnessed a sunrise? Along the skyline, there's a bluish-gray light, wavering, swaying, receding, battling for a permanent place. But the sun has marshaled his battalions and puts to flight the army of darkness. Day has come and night has fled away.

Old Simeon, the prophet, saw the sunrise. The parents of little Jesus brought him to the Temple as was the custom of the law. The prophet gave expression to a wonderful vision he had. As he took the child up in his arms, the effect was to turn the switch of the eternal and light up the centuries ahead. In that brilliant light he cried:

"Lord . . . mine eyes have seen thy salvation which thou hast prepared in the presence of all peoples, a light for revelation to the Gentiles, and for glory to thy people Israel." (Luke 2:29-32.)

Jesus Christ is the guiding light of the world! When we walk in that light, our civilization progresses. The gentile world has pushed forward to its marvelous development and power as it has laid hold on the teachings of Jesus. With the development of weapons of mass destruction, darkness is all around. Mankind may walk over the threshold of possible extinction in that darkness. May His light guide our feet.

His light guides us from less to more, from domination to concern, from prejudice to brotherhood, from immorality to morality, from weakness to strength, from materialism to spiritual sensitivity.

In *The Pilgrim's Progress*, Evangelist asks Christian if he can see "yonder shining light?" and on receiving the answer, "I think I do," adds, "Keep that light in your eye, and go up directly thereto, so shalt thou see the gate." He sheds radiance on our path. "He who follows me will not walk in darkness, but will have the light of life."

Prayer: Almighty God, light of the world, lead us out of the gloom of darkness. We rejoice that we are not left alone to find our way. We ask for thy spiritual light that we may pursue true goals and be permitted to fulfill our days in peace and love. Amen.

—MERLE D. BROYLES

FEBRUARY 19

Jesus said to [Martha], "I am the resurrection and the life; he who believes in me, though he die, yet shall he live, and whoever lives and believes in me shall never die. Do you believe this?"—John 11:25-26

I WAS NINE years old when my pastor used the Lazarus story at my father's funeral. That was on the brink of the 1933 bank holiday. My conversion, amid a consistent Christian home life shaken severely by death and fiscal failure, began. For me, nothing has shaken nor can supplant this better-than-bedrock promise of Christ's. "Do you believe this?" Many of you do. Many more should.

Martha had taken it in a general, nonspecific way—reunion after the last day of history. We could take it that way, too, but that would be only minimum consolation when members of the family or cherished comrades leave us. When such deaths occur, there's an overabundance of conventional comfort of that bare sort—like the man, trying to be humorous in an especially bereaved situation, admonishing, "Keep a lip upper stiff!"

The Christian faith has no truck with such. From what the earliest Christians read into the lips of their Lord, we possess an experienced guarantee that the Christ is, himself, *overcoming* and *newness*. This is not just a claim but a personal relationship; not a dry doctrine but a fact with a face. Moffatt, in his translation of our text,

Al Burton Eliason
Brown Deer, Wis.

inserts "myself" between "I am" and "resurrection," to make this point clear.

So the guarantee is for those who have already suffered physical demise (past) and for those who not yet have tasted bodily death (future). We of the second classification desperately need to know that that relationship commences with our conversion.

Prayer: Father whose life is without beginning or ending, in the promise of Christ we want the Spirit's power for lives of a beginning and a translation. Amen.

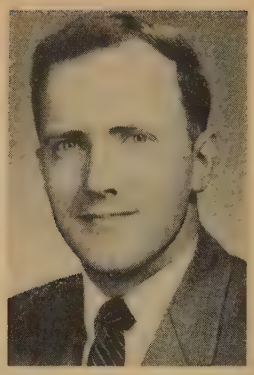
—AL BURTON ELIASON

FEBRUARY 26

"He who loves his life loses it, and he who hates his life in this world will keep it for eternal life."—John 12:25

TWO BOYS who had received footballs for Christmas went out to play with their new gifts. The first boy walked off by himself, throwing the new football into the air and catching it himself.

The second boy threw his new



Joe A. Harding
Salem, Oreg.

football to a friend. He threw a long pass. Soon they were kicking to each other. Other boys joined them, and they spent the afternoon in thrilling hours of touch football. The second boy, unselfishly sharing the football with others, had opened the possibilities of truly possessing his gift.

Certainly this is, in part, something of what Jesus meant when he spoke those disturbing words about hating life to keep it, forever.

Life is given as a gift. If we try to hug it selfishly, grasp it exclusively, we end up losing it. But if we dare share with others, then we find a fullness to life one could never know before.

By the word "hate" Jesus did not means to "despise" or "abhor" but "to love less." To find real life, a man must love the pleasure of his own comfortable existence less than the joy of sharing sacrificially God's gifts of time and possessions.

Albert Schweitzer does not hate life in terms of abhorring or detesting his existence. He has found true life in placing service of Christ above service of self. Schweitzer writes: "And to those who obey Him [Christ] . . . He will reveal Himself in the toils, the conflicts, the sufferings which they pass through in His fellowship. . . ."

We live in an age that is frantically seeking life. Many seek religion as a mere aid to their quest for happiness. Jesus reminds us that real life grows quietly within us when we give sacrifically of ourselves in his service.

Prayer: Our father, deliver us from the selfish seeking of what appears to be life. May we give ourselves without counting the cost to the Christ in whose name we pray. Amen.

—JOE A. HARDING

Barnabas

Looks at New Books

When Lincoln was re-elected, Harper's *carried this cartoon, now in* The American Heritage Picture History of the Civil War.

I, BARNABAS, don't consider myself a jealous man, but when Mrs. Barnabas gets a certain dreamy look on her face I do feel some small twinges. My wife is in love with a city, so I didn't expect much conversation from her the evening she opened **Herb Caen**'s serenade to the fog-swathed metropolis on the Bay, ***Only in San Francisco*** (Doubleday, $3.95).

She did converse, though. That is, she persisted in reading passages to me until I agreed to read the entire book. Caen, who for 22 years has recorded the life of San Francisco and San Franciscans in a local newspaper column, writes with a fine flair for anecdote. I suggest you read until you're tired of it, then put the book down without regret.

From Caen's paeans I turned to **Ernest Kirschten**'s first-rate biography of St. Louis, ***Catfish and Crystal*** (Doubleday, $5.95). Here is the full flavor of the city that was the gateway to the West, the inspiration for *St. Louis Blues,* and the originator of the ice-cream cone. Kirschten, also a newspaperman, is a vivid historian.

Hopping across the rest of the continent, then, I lost myself in ***The Book of Boston*** (Hastings House, $3.50). **Marjorie Drake Ross** steps deftly from one sparkling high light to the next through the city's vibrant past. Photographs by Samuel Chamberlain plus reproductions of old drawings, paintings, and maps make the time-dimmed story come still clearer.

This being the centennial year of the Civil War, the recent tide of books on that bloody conflict has risen to a flood. Here are a few:

Lincoln for the Ages (Doubleday, $5.95), edited by Lincoln-scholar **Ralph G. Newman**, contains 78 original articles on the life, times, decisions, and philosophy of the wartime president. Writers include Carl Sandburg, Allan Nevins, and Bruce Catton.

The War for the Union: War Becomes Revolution 1862-63 (Scribner, $7.50) is **Allan Nevins**' history of the first year of severe fighting. The second of four volumes planned on the war, it also touches on feuds in Washington and the vast social and economic changes that took place.

Tragic Years 1860-1865 (Simon and Schuster, $15) is a two-volume documentary for which **Paul M. Angle** and **Earl S. Miers** drew on the diaries, letters, and recorded words of generals, privates, politicians, reporters, even housewives and poets, to tell the story of the Civil War.

Bruce Catton is a name that connotes superlative knowledge and dramatic narrative of the war; American Heritage Publishing Co. means excellent printing and publishing. Combine them in ***The American Heritage Picture History of the Civil War*** (one volume $19.95, two volumes with chronology $25), and you have a history that probably will not be equaled this 100th-anniversary year. Catton's text of 160,000 words covers the period from pre-Sumter to post-Appomattox days.

Captain **Robert E. Lee, Jr.**, offers a new look at the man who never lost the devotion of the South, though his capitulation at Appomattox ended the secessionist movement. Reprinted for the third time, ***My Father, General Lee*** (Doubleday, $5.95) contains letters the general wrote to and received from his son. All show the general's concern for those around him.

Burke Davis gives us an almanac of little-known facts about The Great Rebellion (one of its 25 names) in ***Our Incredible Civil War*** (Holt, Rinehart, and Winston, $4.95). Charged at times with humor and surprise, it's filled with incidents, observations, and personality sketches seldom publicized.

The Civil War at Sea (Holt, Rinehart, and Winston, $6) is the first of three volumes on naval operations by **Virgil Carrington Jones**.

Jubal's Raid (McGraw-Hill, $4.95), by **Frank Vandiver**, recounts Confederate General Jubal A. Early's fantastic strike toward Washington, D.C., in '64. He got so close to Washington that, in his words, he "scared Abe Lincoln like hell!"

Soul of the Lion (Nelson, $5) is the biography of Union General Joshua L. Chamberlain, a Bowdoin College religious instructor with "the soul of a lion and the heart of a woman." Chamberlain's defense of Little Round Top, according to author **Willard M. Wallace**, helped turn the tide at Gettysburg.

A tingle of pride ran up my spine as I read ***The Story of America's Religions*** (Holt, Rinehart, and Winston, $4, deluxe $14.95). Here gathered together are the articles *Look* recently published on 14 great faiths that have flourished in and fed our nation.

They're eye-opening reading, for author **Hartzell Spence** has a way with words. I thought I detected a mite more warmth in his story of the Methodists than in other chapters, but perhaps that is because I know he grew up in a Methodist parsonage. TOGETHER readers will remember his vivid story on Francis Asbury in August, 1958 [*'Live or Die, I Must Ride!'* page 32]. His story of the mainstreams of faith in America deserves to become a standard reference for home and church libraries.

More scholarly is the ***History of Religion in the United States,*** by **Clifton E. Olmstead** (Prentice-Hall, $10). This isn't a book to ingest at one sitting, or even several, but if you're inquisitive about its ecumenical subject, you'll do well to add it to your library. It's packed with encyclo-

Build a richer spiritual life with this absorbing book . . .

A PRIMER OF BELIEFS

For Methodist Laymen

By Bishop Kenneth W. Copeland

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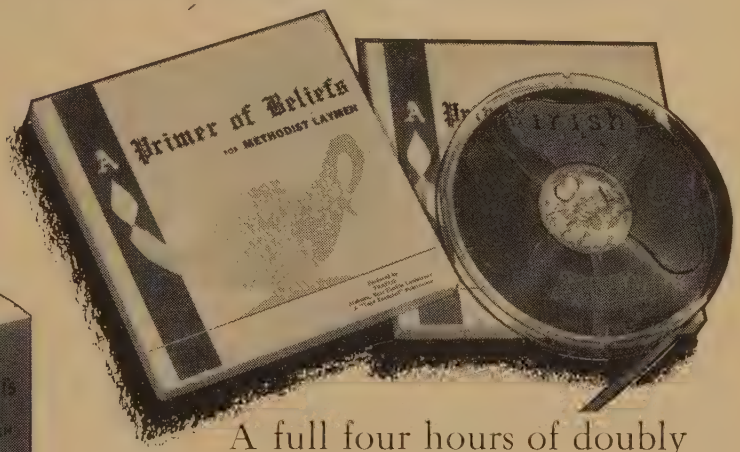

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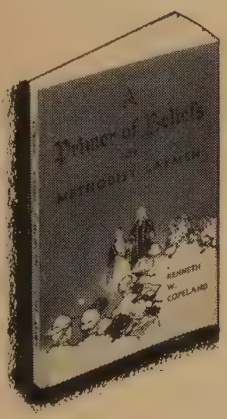

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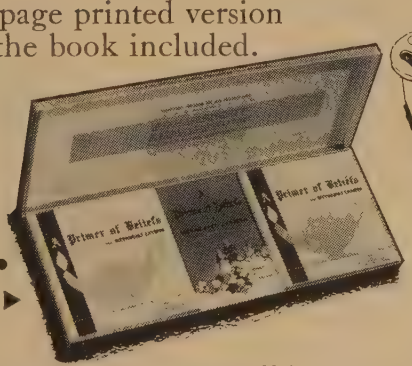

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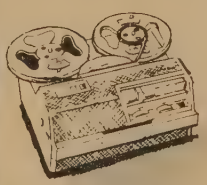

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THE AUTHOR

Bishop Kenneth W. Copeland, a native of Texas, received his Bachelor of Arts degree from Southern Methodist University and his Doctor of Divinity degree from Southwestern University, Georgetown, Texas.

Ordained at 19, he was elevated to the episcopacy at the 1960 Jurisdictional meeting. Bishop Copeland, now resident Bishop of the Nebraska area, guides the program of Methodism in Lincoln, his home, as well as in all of Nebraska.

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pedic information about the various denominations and, my pastoral friends tell me, has such authenticity that it's probably going to be a frequently used textbook at theological seminaries.

A symptom of maturity achieved in America's West is the bright-eyed interest writing men are taking in personalities that shaped life in the open spaces. And if you understand that statement to exclude the Earps and the Hickoks, I am communicating—for, despite TV testimony, those men are not the West. To support my thesis, I cite ***Lone Star Man*** (Hastings, $4.95), biography of Texas Ranger Ira Aten, son of a Methodist preacher, who grew up to be a God-fearing, justice-dealing law man. **Harold Preece** tells the story, and well.

In the same pattern is ***Your Desert and Mine***, by **Nina Paul Shumway** (Westernlore, $6.75). Here I learned about William L. Paul, an Oregon lumberman, who got the fantastic idea he could raise dates on the California desert. The idea is still fantastic, as you may see for yourself when you visit Palm Springs, Calif., and environs where sand dunes suddenly end beside towering palms and citified communities. *Your Desert and Mine* is true Western Americana.

Another book to put the West in perspective is ***The American Indian Wars*** by **John Tebbel** and **Keith Jennison** (Harper, $4.95). It starts with the arrival of white men on the East Coast and knits together the odd bits of one's Indian information into a connected story that comes down to a land grab from the Iroquois for a power plant in New York state in A.D. 1960.

You'll find nonfiction works by two popular women novelists on the book counters these days.

Frances Parkinson Keyes recalls an era of culture, charm, and elegance in a memoir of her girlhood, ***Roses in December*** (Doubleday, $4.95). But I should warn you that it's almost total recall, surprisingly rambling and effusive for a practiced storyteller.

Mrs. Keyes was reared partly in a small Vermont village, partly in Boston's fashionable Back Bay, was educated abroad and at two famous Boston schools, married a prominent man considerably her senior. The title of her book comes from an old English proverb: "God gave us memories that we might have roses in December."

Faith Baldwin [whose *Thanks for a Happy Heart* appeared in TOGETHER, October, 1958, page 11] wrote nearly 70 novels and two volumes of poetry before turning to nonfiction. Her third and current nonfiction work, ***Testament of Trust*** (Holt, Rinehart, and Winston, $3.50), follows the seasons

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from one October to the next, likening the year to a house with 12 rooms, each to be enjoyed for its own special qualities. Of February she says: "This is a chancy month. It can do just about anything; produce the earliest little flowers under the melting snow, or pile the snow right up to the window sills."

Woven into Mrs. Baldwin's thoughts on the weather, the bounty of nature, and the small, everyday activities of life are her reflections on man and God. She has faith in the essential goodness of both.

One gripe I have against anthologies is that their chapters often are bricks without mortar. It's a plaint that doesn't fit ***Land of the Long Horizons*** (Coward-McCann, $12.50). Editor **Walter Havighurst** offers informative selections that tell the story of America's Midwest, with authors ranging from George Washington and Peter Cartwright to Carl Sandburg and Graham Hutton. Giving these pieces pungency are Havighurst's own connective contributions.

From him I learn, for example, that the giant Ferris Wheel that wowed people at the 1893 fair in Chicago is now in an amusement park in Vienna, Austria. And that about the time Chicago was started, in 1833, a delegation asked merchants of thriving Shawneetown in downstate Illinois for a $1,000 loan to fill some muddy streets. The answer was "No!" Chicago, the merchants said, had no future.

In his villa, *I Tatti,* near Florence, Italy, the great art historian **Bernard Berenson** owned one of the world's finest private libraries—40,000 volumes, carefully selected. It was an ineffable comfort to him during World War II when the Italian government confined him, with his ailing wife and his secretary-companion, in what virtually was protective custody.

One Year's Reading for Fun (Knopf, $5) was compiled from the pages of B.B.'s 1942 diary. It's a revealing glimpse of the scope of his interests, the fairness of his judgments, and the perceptiveness of his extraordinary intelligence and cultivated taste.

For more about him, read **Sylvia Sprigge**'s ***Berenson: A Biography*** (Houghton Mifflin, $5). Miss Sprigge was a frequent guest at the Berenson villa and received more than a little help from the great B.B. himself, as well as many of his friends, as she prepared the biography.

For a view of what foreign policy is likely to be like in **John F. Kennedy**'s administration, it might be a good idea to hark back to ***The Strategy of Peace*** (Harper, $3.50). This book, written before the Massachusetts senator was nominated for the presidency and

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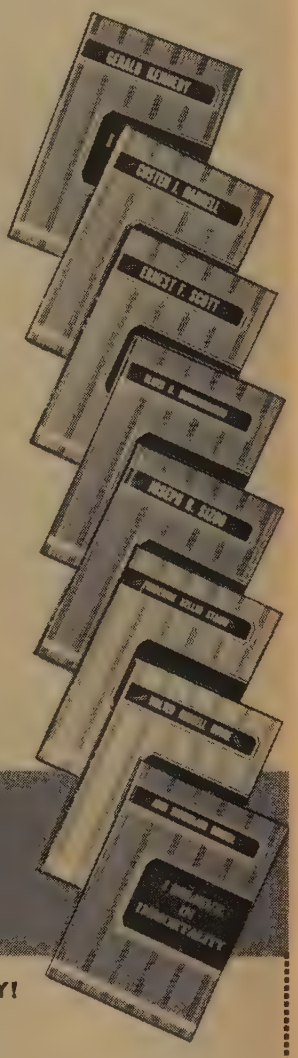

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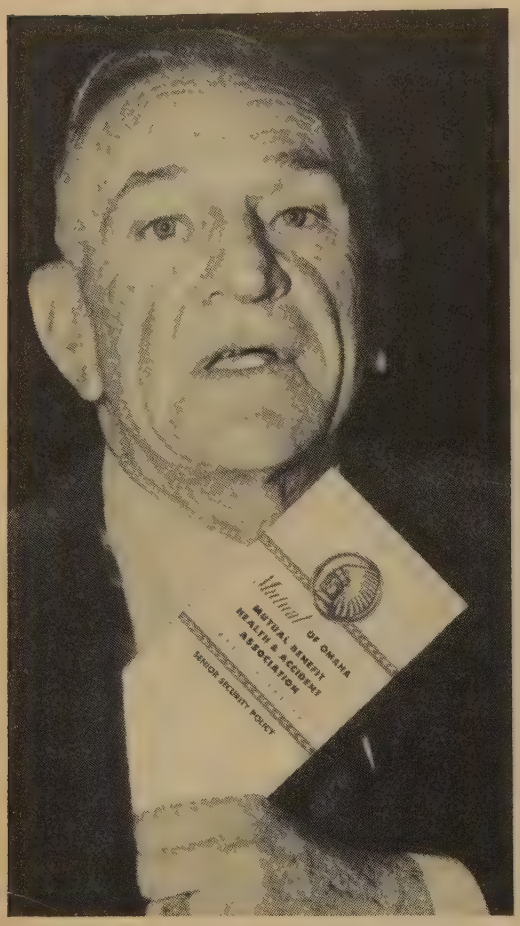
The ol' Perfessor, CASEY STENGEL, says...



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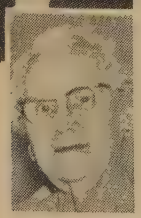
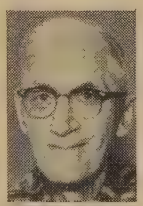


Bertha Gross got $986.45. Age 80, Roswell, N. Mex. "Little did I realize when you were explaining Senior Security that in just a few days I would suffer an accident and be able to secure over $900.00 in benefits!"



Harry E. Bauer got a total of $1,628.88. Age 72, Santa Cruz, Calif. "I feel this is the answer to guarding against high cost of hospital and medical care."

Agnes Stiebergot $864.00. Age 73, Decatur, Ill. "I am so pleased with the promptness of payment of our illness."

Martha Nickell got $862.00. Age 76, Beaver Dam, Wisc. "My faith has been justified. I received prompt payment and just consideration."

Frederick J. Jackson got $1,930.00. Age 67, Hibbing, Minn. ". . . a week after policy took effect, I had to be hospital confined for almost a month . . . after being home 3 weeks I was again confined for 4½ months!"

Edward A Wells got a total of $1,510.38. Age 70, Great Falls, Mont. "I can recommend Mutual of Omaha . . . I feel much better paying my own way, the American way."

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dited by historian Allan Nevins, is probably a fairer expression of Kennedy's beliefs than statements made during the heat of the political campaign. It offers no grand formulas, rather leans toward a hardheaded, detailed approach to international problems of the kind and magnitude that face the U.S. today.

For an indirect side light on the new President, there is ***The Enemy Within*** (Harper, $3.95) by his brother and close adviser, **Robert F. Kennedy**. It's a report of Robert's work as chief counsel for the Senate Select Committee to Investigate Improper Activities in Labor-Management Relations, and it reads like a movie thriller.

Says the younger Kennedy: "The sordid dishonesty uncovered by the committee is a reflection on all Americans, for it cuts across all segments of our economic life—labor, management, the law, the press." His answer: We must all begin to take a greater interest in national affairs, in the running of our communities, and in the mental, physical, and spiritual fitness of our children.

As a TV viewer who occasionally joins the stay-up-lates to observe the antics of Jack Paar & Co., I'd grown accustomed to the face of announcer **Hugh Downs**. Like many another listener, I've marveled occasionally at Downs' ability to discourse on any subject at the drop of a cue card. So when I heard he was writing a book, I wondered whether it would plant him firmly in the select company of television's thinking men.

Now that I've skimmed through his ***Yours Truly*** (Holt, Rinehart, and Winston, $3.95), I'm disappointed—but amused. Only the last 2 of the book's 20 chapters are more solid than froth. Almost all that leads up to those final 15 pages is lighthearted anecdote. I have no quarrel with that; Downs tells several rib-ticklers. But Jack Paar's articulate oracle turns out to be little more than a glib yarn spinner in his first venture into print.

The book, in summary, is featherweight fun.

Rushing out to choir practice recently, our daughter, Bonnie, left a book behind in her chair. Picking it up, as much out of curiosity as for the sake of neatness, I discovered it was **Pat Boone**'s second book for teen-agers, ***Between You, Me and the Gatepost*** (Prentice-Hall, $2.95).

Turning the pages, I was impressed as I've been before with the sound common sense and faith shown by this young man who's hardly more than a teen-ager himself—yet already is famous as a singer, motion-picture star, television performer, and devoted husband and father. He's well known to Church of Christ congregations, too, for he's preached to them around the country.

It's a good thing Boone's views are so constructive, because his influence with teen-agers is phenomenal.

"This is the one book I have wanted most to write. It is about my father, Mitchell Stuart."

So says **Jesse Stuart**, introducing ***God's Oddling*** (McGraw-Hill, $4.95). From then on, Jesse performs a labor of love. The stories he tells about his father—a mountain man of integrity and native wisdom who could neither read nor write—are typically Stuart. That should be 'nuff said for the Kentucky-hill writer's large following. But I'd like to quote a few passages from the book's ending. There's a singular, unpretentious beauty here, I think, as Jesse sums up his love for his father and his sorrow after his death:

"He must be here. He couldn't leave this valley. He couldn't get away from it. . . . Knowing he is dead and buried, I still find it hard to believe he is gone. This is why I think I hear him when it is only the wind in the willow leaves. I think I hear his hoe turning the stones over again in his corn row. How

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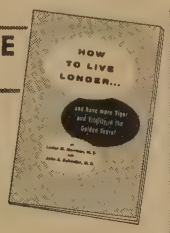

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CINNAMON COFFEECAKE

½ cup milk
¼ cup sugar
½ teaspoon salt
3 tablespoons shortening
1 package Fleischmann's Active Dry Yeast
½ cup very warm water
1 egg, beaten
3½ cups sifted flour
¼ cup Fleischmann's Margarine, melted
⅔ cup sugar
1 tablespoon cinnamon

Scald milk, add ¼ cup sugar, salt and shortening; cool to lukewarm. Dissolve yeast in very warm water. Add milk mixture and beaten eggs. Gradually beat in enough flour to make soft dough. Knead lightly, about 10 min. Place in greased bowl. Brush top with soft shortening. Cover; let rise in warm place, free from draft, until double in bulk, about 1 hour. When light, punch down; divide into 2 portions. Roll each into 8 x 5-inch rectangle; cut into strips 1 x 8 inches. Shape each strip by hand to form rope. Pinch ends together to form one long rope. Coil into well-greased 8- or 9-inch layer cake pan, turning to twist, starting at outside and coiling toward center of pan. Brush with melted margarine. Sprinkle with sugar-cinnamon mix. Cover; let rise in warm place until doubled, about 1 hour. Bake at 375°F. (mod.) for 25 minutes. Makes 2 cakes.

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can he leave this world where his image is stamped so indelibly upon everything? He is still a part of this valley just as it is a part of him."

And, we might add, just so did Mitch Stuart stamp the image of his own strong character and resourcefulness into the being of his famous son.

TOGETHER readers, no doubt, will be reminded of another sample of Jesse's moving prose: *What America Means to Me* [July, 1960, page 18].

For quite a few years now, no new books have been forthcoming from two of my favorite naturalist-writers, William Beebe and Donald Culross Peattie. Frankly, I felt that this void could never be filled; but in recent years it has been, most capably, by **Edwin Way Teale**. His just-published ***Journey Into Summer*** (Dodd, Mead, $5.95) is the third in his *The American Seasons* series which began in 1951. (A forthcoming book about winter across the nation will complete the quartet.)

Teale can write. He's a distinguished photographer. He's an observant naturalist, and nature provided the background for his adventurous, 19,000-mile journey from the Appalachians to the Rockies. He writes colorfully and well of just about everything along the way—from turtles to falling stars, from the Great Lakes to Pikes Peak, from prairie dogs to people.

Remember Stephen Crane? He's the literary meteor that whisked across America in the '90s. His *The Red Badge of Courage* is universally accepted as a classic of novelized wartime psychology, yet when he wrote it Crane had never seen even a BB gun fired in anger. Since he died at the age of 29 in England, his fame has grown till now avid admirers have greeted ***Stephen Crane: Letters***, edited by **R. W. Stallman** and **Lillian Gilkes** (New York University Press, $6.50).

One point comes clear in this book. Crane was a PK ("Preacher's Kid," if you aren't up) who departed from the straight and narrow. His father was a respected New Jersey minister, a grandfather was an editor of *The Christian Advocate,* from which TOGETHER descends, and Stephen attended two Methodist schools, Pennington Academy and Syracuse University.

Obviously his short career was beatnik-like. But in one of his desperately sincere letters, written shortly before his death, Crane revealed indelible traces of his Methodist parsonage upbringing: "I will be glad if I can feel on my deathbed that my life has been just and kind according to my ability and that every particle of my little ridiculus [*sic*] stock of eloquence and wisdom has been applied for the benefit of my kind."

—BARNABAS

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Follow the leader . . . In the ever-mounting bustle and turmoil of modern living it is increasingly difficult for many families to set aside even a few minutes each day when they can all be together—conscious of each other as individuals and as a family.

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Browsing in Fiction

Gerald Kennedy

BISHOP, LOS ANGELES AREA, THE METHODIST CHURCH

THE MOST exciting stories deal with spiritual confict. That sounds like the typical beginning of a rather dull sermon, but think about it. Action in itself is never enough to hold a reader. I have read books whose continual strife became actually a bore because it was directed to no significant end. Adventure stories are fine, but they have to be involved in some cause that matters. Ultimately, the drama comes out of the inner struggles and qualities of people.

Think of the noisy, hectic writing which characterizes so much modern fiction. It begins with a promise of fun and interest, then bogs down never to rise again. But if a man is being destroyed or saved, and if a principle is being served or betrayed, this is important. All this is in my mind this month because of two books in particular. The first one is

CARRINGTON, by Michael Straight *(Knopf, $4.50).*

Televised, it would be called an adult western—which is to say it is something vastly more than riding and shooting. Carrington was an army colonel sent out west by General Sheridan to build a fort and to pacify the Indians. He was to make the country safe for settlers and the road clear for travelers. He was a sensitive, educated, and thoroughly good man. He wanted to do his job with honor and to build the western country on something other than bloodshed and bitterness.

This a story of how a good man gets entangled in complicated situations. Nothing goes right for him, and he is branded by some of his superiors as a coward. Our hearts go out to this man whose chief crime is an understanding that is too wide and a compassion that is too deep. This is a fine book, and I expect that it reflects a side of the West which has been too long neglected. Carrington is not only tragic but great, because he stood in a position of responsibility and authority.

The other book illustrates more clearly the drama of inner conflict. It's

THE AFFAIR, by C. P. Snow *(Scribner, $4.50).*

The whole plot is built around an accusation made against a young Oxford college professor. He is convicted of stealing another man's work and then claiming personal credit for it. But was he guilty, or was his illustrious predecessor and superior the culprit? Who faked the evidence? The older man had been much loved and had all the weight of a great tradition to protect his reputation. Then the case is finally reopened, because there are men on the faculty who will risk their professional status for conscience' sake. To make it more complicated, the young professor is not very likeable, and there are a hundred reasons to let him go. Here on a university faculty there is waged a great battle, and men are stripped of their pretenses and shown to be villains and heroes. It is in the human heart that the real conflicts take place.

It seems strange to compare these two books. And yet, the army colonel and the Oxford professor are one in facing the issues of life. I would be hard put to decide which I liked the best, so they are presented to you with equal enthusiasm.

THE INTERNS, by Richard Frede *(Random House, $4.95).*

This one is a might-have-been. It shows tremendous promise as it deals with young doctors going through the hard discipline of internships. There is disappointment and struggle and despair. I do not know what doctors would say about this book as an accurate description of their profession. But these boys are certainly believable to one who knows of the disappointments and hard discipline of another profession. The difficulty is sex relations and drinking are overplayed. There is promise here of a man who has the gifts to write a very great novel, if he does not make the secondary things primary in order to attract readers. However, I have offered you two out of three. And things being as they are, this is a pretty good score.

A century later, hobbyists join historians to keep alive and vivid memories of . . .

That War Between North and South

By GEORGE A. ROWLAND

THE CIVIL WAR had hardly begun when souvenir hunters, sniffing the scent of conflict, started gathering mementos. Almost anything related to the war was grabbed up and saved for marketing among collectors. Largely because of their diligence, the war which began 100 years ago this year is one of the best documented in history.

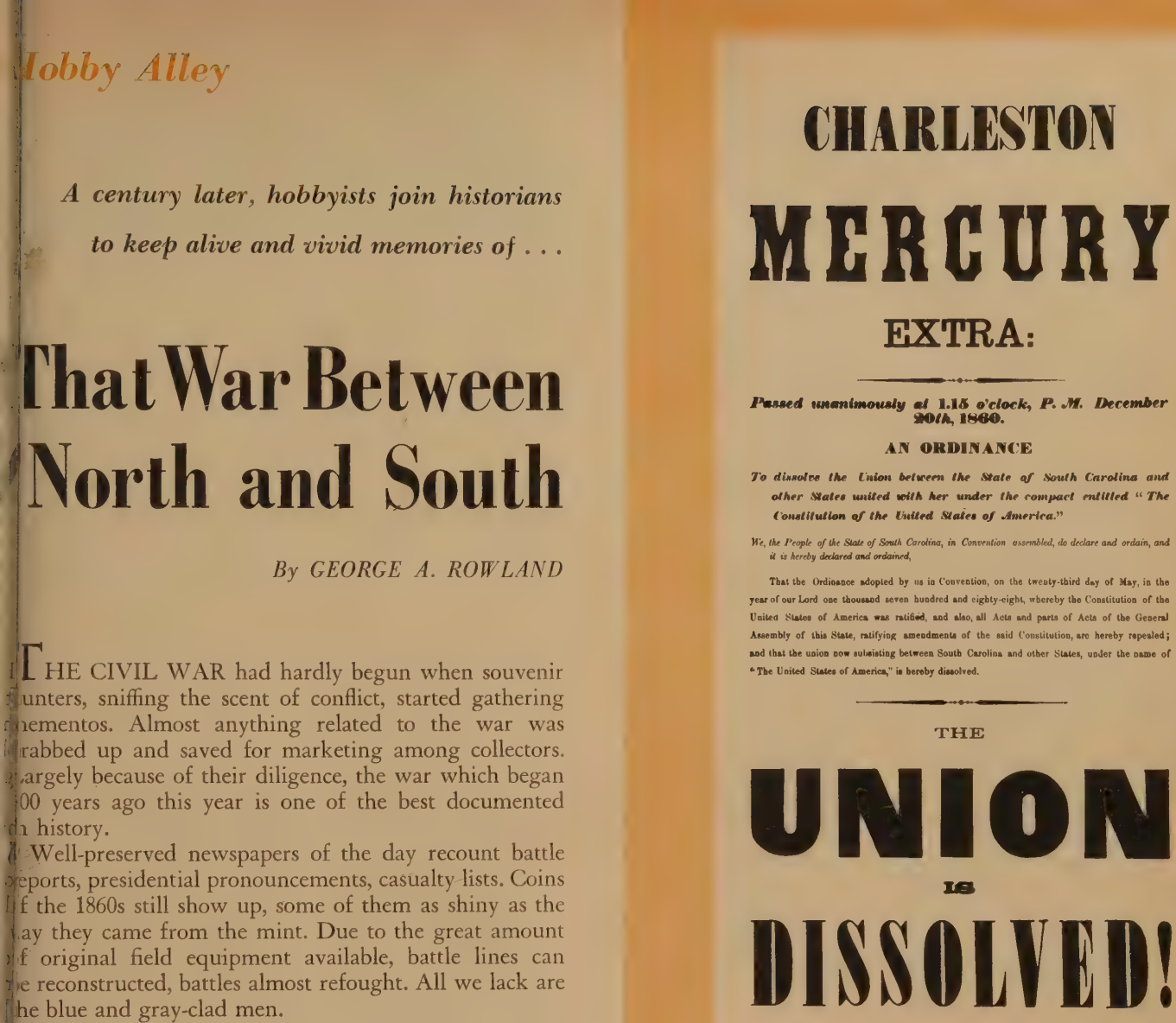
Well-preserved newspapers of the day recount battle reports, presidential pronouncements, casualty lists. Coins of the 1860s still show up, some of them as shiny as the day they came from the mint. Due to the great amount of original field equipment available, battle lines can be reconstructed, battles almost refought. All we lack are the blue and gray-clad men.

Civil War hobbyists abound, North and South. More than 120 independent Round Table groups hotly discuss its battles, political events, and personalities. A magazine, *Civil War Times,* published in Gettysburg, Pa., is devoted exclusively to it (see *Unusual Methodists,* December, 1960, page 22, for a story about Robert H. Fowler, *Civil War Times* editor). Perhaps the fascination of this war stems from its personal character. It hit home.

As a salute to the Civil War Centennial, we present this roundup from Methodist hobbyists whose eyes glaze with delight as they ponder the 1860s.

Guns: Tracking down, bagging, and repairing Civil War firearms is the hobby of the Rev. M. W. Dulin of Roper, N.C. "It's a handy talent for low-budget amateur collectors," he chortles. Due to the shortage of weapons in that long-ago day, many a rifleman shouldered the same gun he used to hunt wildlife back in the fields and woods of home. In the years since the great armies laid down their arms, den walls have become resting places for many proud but pitted pieces. "Let's get them back into shape," urges Mr. Dulin. "They deserve a better fate than rusting away unnoticed."

Uniform Buttons: A hunt for Confederate mementos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AN ORDINANCE

To dissolve the Union between the State of South Carolina and other States united with her under the compact entitled "The Constitution of the United States of America."

We, the People of the State of South Carolina, in Convention assembled, do declare and ordain, and it is hereby declared and ordained,

That the Ordinance adopted by us in Convention, on the twenty-third day of May, in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and eighty-eight, whereby the Constitution of the United States of America was ratified, and also, all Acts and parts of Acts of the General Assembly of this State, ratifying amendments of the said Constitution, are hereby repealed; and that the union now subsisting between South Carolina and other States, under the name of "The United States of America," is hereby dissolved.

THE
UNION
IS
DISSOLVED!

Buffalo Bill's father, Isaac Cody, was knifed while speaking against permitting slavery in Kansas. This lurid engraving is from Bill's autobiography.

in a Georgia antique shop led M. F. Gilmore of Woodstown, N.J., to an interesting find: 12 buttons he couldn't identify. He bought them, found out they were Confederate Army buttons, and started to collect them. His tours of Southern states have netted him 100 varieties.

"Not everyone in the Confederate Army had an outfit, as you see in the movies today," says Gilmore, "and many of those with uniforms lacked full sets of buttons. Most uniforms were locally made, and buttons were hard to find. Many buttons had to be made overseas, since only a few Southern factories were able to supply them. In local shops, buttons were crudely made out of wood, copper, lead, brass, silver or gold, of many designs."

A man's buttons showed his branch of service: the initial *R* on a button stood for rifleman, *E* for engineer, *I* for infantryman, *A* for artilleryman, *C* for cavalryman. Generals' buttons had an eagle with a shield and the letters *CS* or *CSA* (Confederate States of America).

A civil engineer, veteran of World War II and Korea, Gilmore roots around battlefields now with other souvenir hunters. His observation: "We play a sort of 'Who's got the button?' game."

Tokens: Jon Alan Heim of Philadelphia, Pa., collects U.S. coins and transportation tokens, but has developed a special interest in Civil War tokens.

"Civil War tokens were issued as a substitute for hard money," reports Heim. "The one coin that was most needed and least available was the cent. Private coins, the size of our present-day penny, were issued in a multitude of compositions and designs. They were called 'copperheads' and were worth 1 cent. The main types were the 'store card,' which carried the name and address of the issuing store on one side and an advertising message on the reverse; and the 'patriotic,' which bore slogans like 'Peace Forever,' and 'Stand By the Flag,' and a portrait of a famous American, or perhaps a national or political emblem. It's estimated that over 20 million tokens were used during the war. In 1864, Congress passed a law prohibiting individuals from issuing money and tokens went out of circulation."

While serving as a nurse here at Dumbarton Avenue Methodist Church, Washington, D.C., a Civil War hospital, Walt Whitman found inspiration for war poems.

Should you be interested in tokens, you'll benefit by reading the paperback *Patriotic Civil War Tokens,* by George and Melvin Fuld (Whitman, $1). If you itch to collect them, try your local coin shop, and tell your friends you're looking for tokens. "You'd be surprised," muses Heim, "what people come up with searching attics and cellars. Even tokens!"

State History: A hobby with a historical angle is that of Dr. James W. Kopriva of Antioch, Ill. He's writing a book on Illinois' role in the Civil War. Whenever time permits, he picks up old books here and there, borrows some from the state library, studies old letters donated by citizens in his area, and—for fun and further information—visits battlefields. He covered Gettysburg in 1959, and Shiloh and Vicksburg last year. "One of these years," vows the doctor, "I may finish my little epic—the health of my patients providing. I keep trying."

Over the years, Dr. Kopriva has built up a small mountain of memorabilia. Many descendants of Union Army veterans have given him articles left to them. He's spoken on Lincoln (a side interest) a few times before audiences, and his mailbox subsequently "bulged with mementos." "I have letters, commissions, pictures, uniforms, newspapers, books, and weapons," he reports.

Lincolniana: One Methodist hobbyist whose interest has centered on Abraham Lincoln, whose birthday is celebrated this month, is Gary Planck of Pekin, Ill. A senior at Illinois State Normal University in Normal, Ill., he embarked on his hobby when he chose a battered photograph of a furrow-browed man from a pile of materials discarded by his third-grade teacher. "I knew who he was," Gary recalls, "but that's about all. It was his face, I think, that made me want to know more about him."

Today Gary knows quite a bit about Lincoln. He's written newspaper and magazine articles about the Emancipator, portrayed him in several plays, collected a wealth of literature, photographs, paintings, statuary, and other Lincoln mementos. He prizes an autographed press release of a Dwight D. Eisenhower speech at Lincoln's birthplace, and a 25,000-word unpublished

Wounded at Fredericksburg, these soldiers were cared for by a U.S. Sanitary Commission nurse. The tender care of these self-sacrificing women robbed the long war of many of its horrors.

anuscript he's spent five years writing. It's about ncoln in Pekin, Gary's home town.

Gary's college room sports many a Lincoln picture. ne day a college buddy looked them over quizzically d smiled, "A friend of the family?"

"No," was the reply, "a member."

Gary admits that many people think of Lincoln as a mely man. "Perhaps he was," he adds, "but to me he s always been one of the handsomest men in the world. handsome character and a handsome example make e Lincoln I'm proud to call a member of the family."

Another Lincolniana hobbyist is Mrs. James McClarey Bellflower, Ill. Since childhood she has saved everying she could find about Abe, and her collection is tensive. H. W. Fay, long-time custodian of Lincoln's mb, gave her a treasured booklet about Lincoln. It is ipped to a piece of wood from the president's Springld, Ill., home. A copy of a poem Lincoln wrote after a sit to his birthplace is among her mementos. Her husnd, Southern born, feigns disdain at her hobby:

"If it weren't for Lincoln, Illinois wouldn't have anying to brag about."

"A state that has Lincoln," shoots back Mrs. McClarey, doesn't need anything else."

Chicago Sun-Times editor Milburn P. Akers is also Lincoln enthusiast. (You'll note a preponderance of incolniana-ites from Illinois, "The Land of Lincoln.") kers traces many of Lincoln's sayings back to the reeks and Romans. Abe read a lot, and made full use Greek and Roman wisdom. The marvelous sayings edited to Abe often were based on wise words of the ncients.

Buffalo Bill: Did you know that Buffalo Bill was a ivil War hero? Well, he was—sort of. He enlisted in he Union's Seventh Kansas Cavalry in 1864, at the age f 18, and fought in several campaigns in Mississippi and Missouri. "A great many rumors—only some of which re true—sprang up about his activities as a spy and cout," says Don Russell, Civil War buff of Elmhurst, Ill.

Bill (William Frederick Cody) was a man of strong eligious convictions. His mother was a Methodist, and e attended frontier services with her whenever he could when he was a boy. He contributed generously to church auses. (On his deathbed, it is claimed, he was baptized Roman Catholic.)

Russell's research for a book, *The Lives and Legends of Buffalo Bill* (University of Oklahoma Press, $5.95), necessitated digging into Civil War history. "Cody's part in the war wasn't important historically," he observes, "but it was autobiographically. It adds a luster to his name, since it makes him a Civil War as well as a Western shoot-'em-up hero."

The list could go on and on: books (there's a new one out on Lincoln or the Civil War every few days and has been since the 1860s), Civil War stamps and paper currency, uniform equipment, personal histories, weapons, pictures, paintings—you name it, and some Methodist is likely an authority on it.

There's yet no end to fascination with the Civil War and all about it. The tumult and the shouting have died, the last of the warriors has been laid to honored rest. Lingering on are bittersweet memories of the war that molded a collection of states into one great nation.

Name Your Hobby

AFRICAN ARTIFACTS: Victor O. Barretto, 31 Binuyo St., Lagos, Nigeria.

AMATEUR RADIO: Keith Gilmore (WPE9BPO), RR 2, Carlisle, Ind.

ANTIQUES: Mrs. Merl Docken, RR, Lockhart, Minn. (small china & wood).

CAMPAIGN BADGES: Otto J. Engelmann, 2021 Central Ave., Anderson 2, Ind. (political).

CAMPAIGN BUTTONS: Mrs. J. W. Beam, RR 3, Sabina, Ohio (Republican presidential).

CARTOONS: Graham Hunter, 42 Clonavor Rd., West Orange, N.J. (originals).

CHESS: G. W. Leep, Windy Hill Farm, R 1, Raymond, Miss. (by mail).

CHURCH BULLETINS: Mrs. Erville S. Babb, 1422 W. 10th St., Muncie, Ind.; Mrs. Edith Davidson, 215 N. Madison St., Quincy, Fla.; Rev. Ted Springer, First Methodist Church, Melrose, Fla.

GENEALOGY: Mrs. Robert V. Ogden, Box 298, Winnie, Tex. (Artman, Berry, Bradshaw, Bratbarteon, Caffall, Campbell, Crichlow, Crocker, Dabney, Davis, DuBois, Duncan, Durant, Edmondson, Erdman, Evans, Froman, Graf, Hite, Hopkins, Howell, Hughlett, Johnston, Killian, Lathrop, Laughlin, Lawing, McFerrin, McKinlay, McOuan, Nelson, Ogden, Overall, Perry, Pettus, Poindexter, Porter, Randolph, Sanford, Smith, Thomas, Thompson, Underwood, Webb, White, Word, Young); Mrs. Walter F. Brown, Box 163, Fort Meade, S.Dak. (Kent, Gaskell, Kendall, Lowden); Mrs. Berlyn H. Wiles, 604 Murray Ave., Minerva, Ohio (Coan, Bullock, Vaughn, Watties, Gould, Wiles, Stilwell, Devore, Fiekes, Notstein, Happ, Von Schwind, Wallace); Henry W. Austin, 1777 42nd St., S., St. Petersburg 11, Fla. (Austin, Lott, Hodges, Bates); Helen Moody, R 2, Box 95, Fort Lupton, Colo. (Moody, Ashworth, Mitchell, Cover, Luther); Mrs. C. R. Rheney, Box 3, Harlem, Ga. (Sutton, Sutphin, Hotchkiss, Driscoll, Haddlesay); Mrs. Robert Fry, 130 Court St., Plainwell, Mich. (McFarland, Heath); Hilda Taylor, 4509 Oak Ridge Dr., Winston-Salem, N.C. (Taylor, Welch, Davis, Boles, Cromer, Hensdale, Hensdill, McAnnally, Null, Powers, Riddick, Tilley, Westmoreland); Mrs. C. A. Roots, 707 East 8th St., Hutchinson, Kans. (Copeland, Atkinson, Roots, Hastings, Woods, Smith); Mrs. Wm. P. Boecher, Roundhead, Ohio (Campbell, Given, Mahan, Keran, Kearns, Slaybaugh, McArthur, Cutright, Boecher); Homer Baldwin, 139 Alexander Ave., Greensburg, Pa. (Baldwin, Bishop, Bonnell, Bunnell, Bostwick, Crane, Davenport, Engle, Garwood, Gillespie, Jenkins, Leonard, Meeker, Maxwell, Royce); Leonard J. Tanner, R 2, Dawson, Tex. (Tanner, Killough, Roy, Gauntt, Tranum, Peeler, Powell); G. J. Shaw, 3409 Tartan Dr., Metairie, La. (Barker, Cowan, Foster, Kinsman, Lindsay, Redmond, Shaw, Thorne, Gilbert, Robinson, Predmore, Collins, Wilkinson, Delaplain, Overturff, DeBolt, Teagarden); Linda Cutting, 147 S. Rocky River Dr., Berea, Ohio (Wulf, Newman, Wilson, Rosson, Johnson, Cutting, Gardner, Rhodes).

GUNS: Carl Plonke, 141 Hill St., Niagara, Wis. (especially muzzle-loaders & powder horns).

MUSIC: Sujati Mertodimuljo (girl), Relly Liem (girl), The Swie Lian (girl), Purwo Hananto (boy), Heng Kie Thee (boy), Dorothy Tjiam, Maudy Oey (girl), Vonny Thio (girl), all c/o Student Club, Perniagaan 310, Bogor, Indonesia.

POSTMARKS: R. W. Patridge, 474 Siebert St., Columbus 6, Ohio (2" x 4").

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3 Ways to Make Snowmen (*without snow!*)

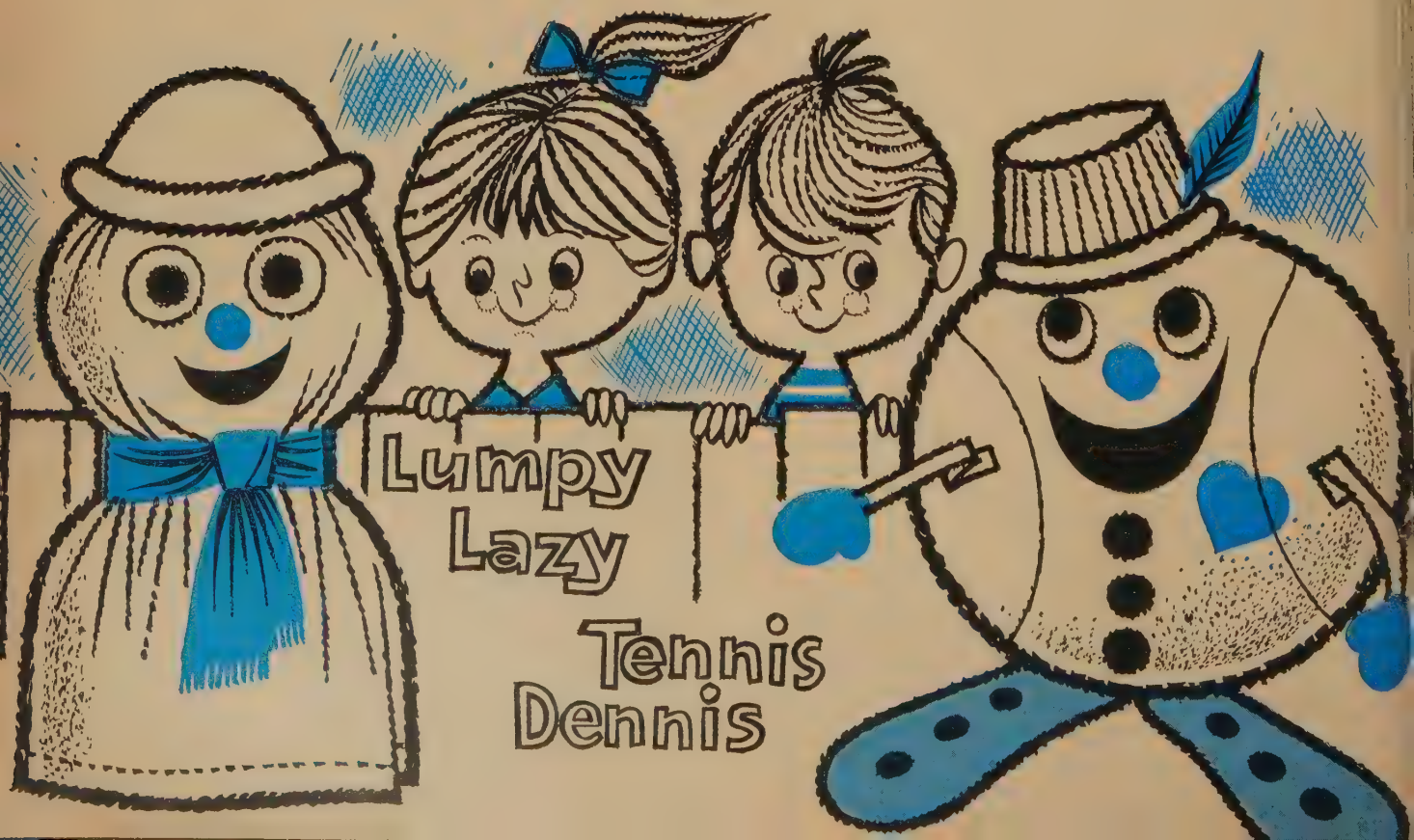
By RUTH ADAMS MURRAY

EVEN if you live where snow never falls, you can have fun making snowmen—the indoor kind. Just read these simple directions, gather the materials you'll need, and you can make snowmen while the sun shines. One thing for sure—these snowmen never melt!

1. LUMPY LAZY. To make this carefree snowman, put a white pillowcase over a plump pillow. Then tie a scarf or ribbon around the pillow to make Lumpy's head and body. Next, stuff the "ears" of the pillow into a hat and pin paper or felt eyes, nose, and mouth on the snowman. When Lumpy Lazy is finished, let him rest on your bed or prop him up in a chair by a door where he can greet your friends.

2. TENNIS DENNIS. You'll need an old tennis ball to make Tennis Dennis, a fat kind-of-fuzzy snowman. First, cut out big cardboard feet for Dennis and pin them to the tennis ball. Then pin tiny paper eyes, nose, and mouth on Dennis and add some paper arms, a gay hat, and black pap buttons. Tennis Dennis makes a funny tab decoration, and if you want to use him for valentine party, just paste a little red heart his chest.

3. ROCKING ROLLO. This happy snowma is made from paper and pipe cleaners. First fo a piece of heavy white paper and cut out a round shape. (See the drawing of Rollo.) Using cell phane tape, fasten Rollo's pipe-cleaner arms an neck on the inside of the folded paper. Then c two paper circles the same size and paste the over the top of the pipe-cleaner neck. Now past paper eyes, nose, mouth, buttons, and hat on Roll To help him stand up by himself, paste a litt strip of paper inside between Rollo's front an back. When Rocking Rollo is finished, gently ti him to one side and watch him rock. If he tip over, trim his bottom edge so he isn't quite s round. You'll have fun watching him rock!



GROW A Valentine Tree

A valentine tree makes a gay decoration for your home or church school. To "grow" the tree, find a bushy branch and set it in a pail or a deep box. Pack tissue paper around the branch until it can stand up by itself.

Now comes the fun of decorating the tree with all kinds of valentines. Make them yourself—the more, the prettier! Write a verse on each valentine. There are many Bible verses which you could use. Ask Mom or Dad to help you find these verses and to understand what they mean:

Matthew 5:8
Luke 12:34
John 3:16
John 15:12

Perhaps your church-school teacher can help you think of other verses, too. Then hang the valentines on the tree with red and white ribbon.

Rocking Rollo

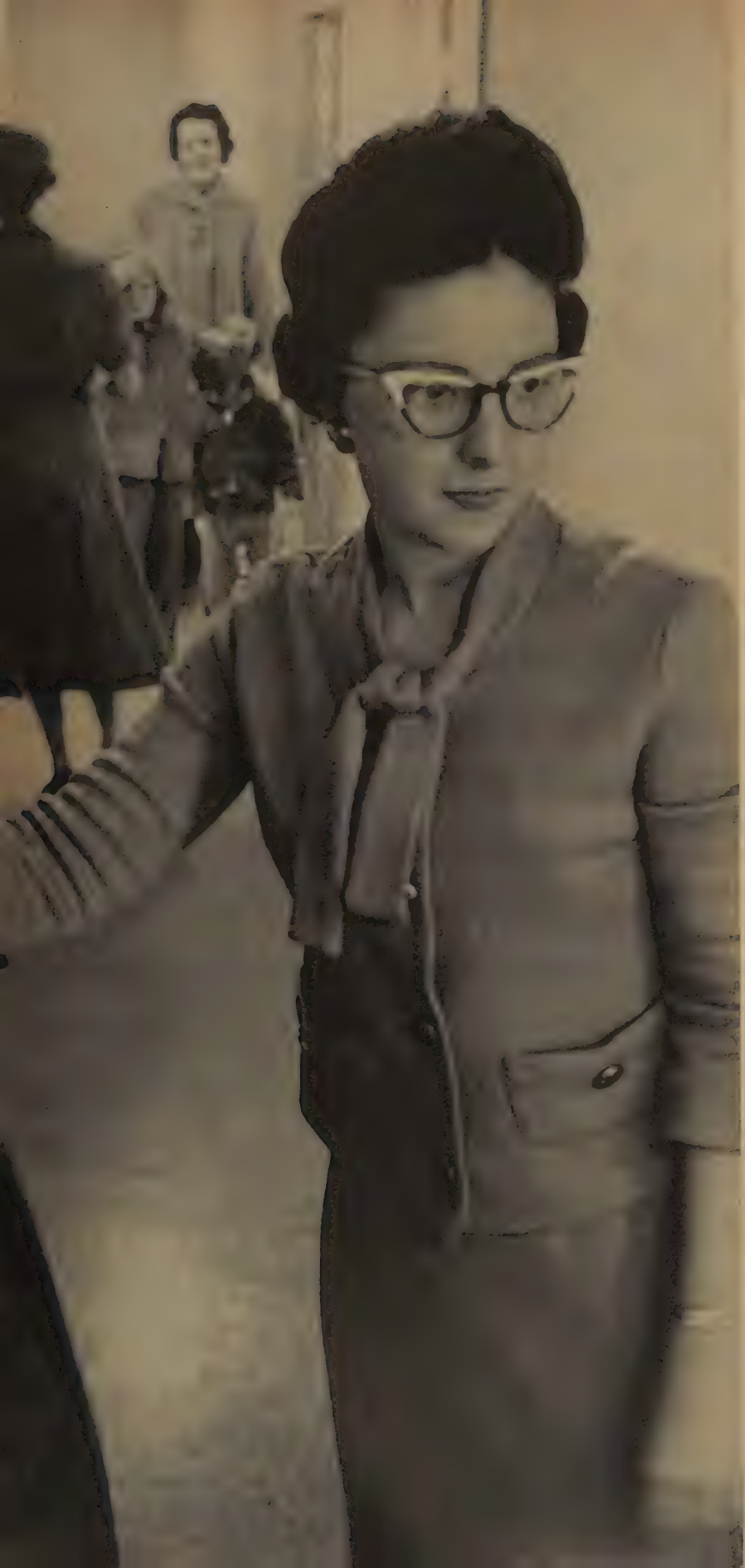
February Whispers

Little brook, get set to run;
Tiny seed, wake up—
You must grow a lot, you know,
To be a buttercup.

Caterpillar, snug and small—
What a nice surprise!
Soon you'll have a pair of wings
Just made for one your size.

Sleepy bears, begin to stir;
Birds, prepare to sing;
Winter, it is almost time
To give the earth to Spring!

—Ruth Adams Murray



A Sioux City innovation in Christian education . .

She's a Church Intern!

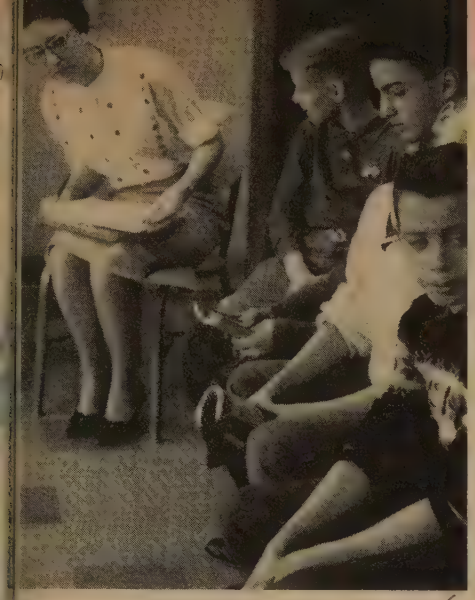
AMID THE flurry and excitement of preparing for her graduation February 6, pert Donna Peterson of Methodist-related Morningside College in Sioux City, Iowa, takes a moment now and then—like any outgoing senior—to reflect on her college days. And when she does, the past school year always stands out, for these were the months she trained as a "church intern."

Of course, the football games and dances, the parties and romances are precious memories, too. But now, ready to step into a full-time job in religious education, Donna knows she'll often call on her experiences as an intern at Sioux City's St. James Methodist Church—planning family-night worship services, recruiting MYF counselors, and helping with the church-school program.

Church-intern programs are something new on the nation's campuses, but already they're attracting dedicated young people who are much like student teachers—except that, as tomorrow's directors of religious education, they're getting professionally supervised, on-the-job training in local churches instead of in schools.

Moreover, these amazing young Christians are meeting an acute need; barely half the requests for assistants in religious education in Methodist

As her church-school pupils arrive, Donna pauses by the coat racks to tick off a mental list of things to do.

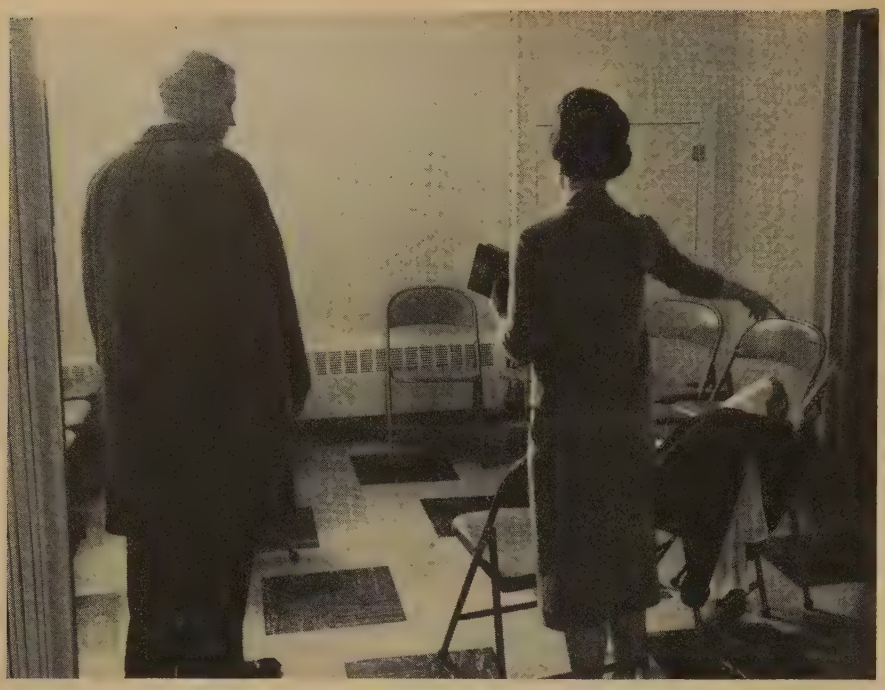


aking attendance (above) at a Saturday uch-membership class, Donna is ready to ke charge if Pastor Russell is absent. 'er fellow interns work in other churches.

Sunday evenings, Donna (left foreground) enjoys leading group discussions such as this one on "the meaning of the church." Earlier she led a worship service.

Attending meetings (below) on Christian education with the Rev. Roger Russell helps Donna in understanding how local churches operate.

In the church kitchen at a family-night dinner, Donna helps an eager toddler take some first steps. The busy coed likes working with children and thinks the experience is excellent preparation for marriage.



Before church school, Donna discusses classroom seating with a new instructor, Eldon Schoder. She's learned that a circle rather than rows of chairs is better for eighth-graders.

During the class, Donna listen through a partition to hear how Eldo is getting along. She is studyin administration, rarely teache

The class session over, students and their new teacher pause for a chat with Donna. "How did things go?" she asks Eldon.

urches are being filled at present. At Morningside, under the supersion of the college chaplain, Dr. llen K. Jackson, service-bent stuents pursue a liberal-arts program pplemented by special courses in ligious education. Then, as seniors, ey intern in local churches. Donna orked with the St. James pastor, oger Russell, about 15 hours a week. he church, in return, contributed her college scholarship.

As a pioneer on a new frontier of ligious education, she calls her ork "practical, realistic, and necesry." But this sober description disolves into bubbling adjectives when omparing notes with the other nterns.

Donna and other young women ke her are on the threshold of a ew vocational interest. Their chalnge is to do well one of today's ost important local-church jobs.

How are they responding to this hallenge? That's the story told by he pictures on these pages—a happy ne for those concerned with progress n Christian education.

Bright-eyed even on Monday morning, Donna enjoys a professor's joke in ethics class. To her left is Ann Burgeson, another church intern. The girls must maintain B averages to keep their scholarships.

n Saturdays and at other ree moments, Donna works at the witchboard in her dormitory.

A trio of interns—Fern Fineran (left), Donna, and Ann—talk with a fellow student in the corridor after class. Although their daily schedules are jam packed, all three girls say they love every minute.

NEWS of the world parish

CHURCH LEADERS TO MEET IN NORWAY, INDIA

Christian leaders from all over the world will gather this year for two of the major church meetings of this decade.

From August 17 to 25, the 10th World Methodist Conference will take place in Oslo, Norway. From November 18 to December 6, the Third Assembly of the World Council of Churches will convene in New Delhi, India.

The nine-day international Methodist meeting in Oslo will bring together delegates from 40 Methodist bodies in 76 countries. Among them will be several hundred from The Methodist Church, including all members of the permanent World Methodist Council, all bishops, and secretaries of general church agencies.

During the conference, Bishop Fred P. Corson of Philadelphia will be inaugurated president of the World Methodist Council, the highest office of world Methodism. He will succeed the Rev. Harold Roberts of Surrey, England, whose five-year term will expire.

Most nominations and elections are made a year in advance, according to British tradition, and Bishop Corson was elected by the WMC's Executive Committee in Zurich, Switzerland, last August. But the election of treasurers will take place at the Oslo conference, as will announcement of the secretary resident in the U.S. to succeed Dr. Elmer T. Clark of Lake Junaluska, N.C.

Dr. Clark will continue in service to world Methodism as librarian and curator of books, manuscripts, and other Methodistica at the Lake Junaluska, N.C., historical headquarters.

Dr. Harry Denman of Nashville was elected by the executive committee to succeed the late Dr. William E. Sangster of London as chairman of the Committee on World Evangelism. He took office immediately.

World Methodist Conferences are held every five years. While mostly concerned with theology and Bible content, the WMC is expected to give considerable attention to the question of establishing one board of missions for all Methodist bodies with each contributing money and personnel.

When the Third Assembly of the World Council of Churches meets in New Delhi, some 1,000 church leaders scheduled to attend will be representing about 70 per cent of the estimated 315 million Protestant, Orthodox, and Anglican Christians in the world.

The Assembly is the major policy-making body of the WCC, which is comprised of 178 member churches. Previous Assemblies were held in Evanston, Ill., in 1954 and in Amsterdam, Netherlands, where the world body was officially constituted in 1948.

The Assembly is the major forum for ecumenical discussions by church leaders in the movement for Christian unity. It will also develop the policy and general program for the work of WCC for the next six years.

Among observers will be representatives of the Roman Catholic Church and the Russian Orthodox Church.

Actions expected to take place:

- Election of a presidium of six church leaders representing various confessions.
- Naming of a new Central Committee—the 90-member policy group which meets between assemblies.
- Discussion of questions dealing with inter-church aid, service to refugees, the role of the laity in the unity and the Christian impact on international political, social, and economic life.

The Rev. Lloyd A. Foreman of St. Mark's Methodist Church escorts his daughter, Pamela, 5, from newly integrated William Frantz Elementary School in New Orleans. Despite jeering from segregationists, the girl continued to attend school after a Negro student was enrolled.

American U. Tells Plans For $36 Million Expansion

The American University in Washington, D.C., has announced a $36 million expansion plan for the next decade.

President Hurst R. Anderson said the needs include $13 million for faculty salaries, $2.5 million for scholarships and loans, and $20.5 million for construction and improvement of buildings.

Since American became a university of the church by General Conference action in 1952, it has doubled its student body to some 3,000 full-time and 5,000 part-time students. Aiming for an enrollment of 16,000 in another decade, American expects to raise its on-campus housing to accommodate 1,700 students, 700 more than at present.

Contribute $2.4 Billion

Contributions for benevolences and local-church operations by members of 49 Protestant and Eastern Orthodox bodies in the U.S. totaled $2,407,464,641 during 1959—a gain of $55.3 million over 1958.

Figures released by the National Council of Churches reveal that, of the total, $428,591,900 went for benevolences and $1,978,676,692 for local expenses.

Thirty-five of the 49 denominations reported total giving of $1,715,505,635, an average of $69.13 per member and a gain of $3.03 per member over 1958. Congregational expenses for this group amounted to $1,395,743,706, or $56.24 per member as against $53.76 the previous year.

Per-capita contributions for all purposes by members of The Methodist Church averaged $52.18, the same as for 1958, putting the church in 42nd place. The Free Methodist Church, with per-capita giving of $269.71, ranked first.

Set Brotherhood Week

Brotherhood Week will be observed February 19-26, according to the National Conference of Christians and Jews, sponsor of the program since 1934.

The NCCJ estimated that nearly 10,000 U.S. communities will participate with programs to combat bigotry and to promote justice, understanding, and co-operation among Protestants, Catholics, and Jews.

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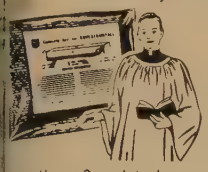

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Church Unity Proposal Stirs Methodist Leaders

Response by individual Methodist leaders to a church-unity proposal offered by Dr. Eugene Carson Blake, a past president of the National Council of Churches, was generally guarded but somewhat optimistic.

Dr. Blake, stated clerk (chief executive) of the United Presbyterian Church in the USA, called for his denomination to join with the Protestant Episcopal Church in inviting The Methodist Church and the United Church of Christ to form a plan of union.

The proposal, issued in San Francisco the day the NCC convened there for its Triennial Assembly, was made in a sermon at Grace Cathedral (Episcopal). Bishop James A. Pike, of the Episcopal Diocese of California, immediately endorsed the proposal as "the most sound and inspiring proposal for unity of the Church in this country which has ever been made."

Bishop Gerald Kennedy of the Los Angeles Area, president of the Methodist Council of Bishops, noted, "There is nothing specific enough in the proposal of Dr. Blake or Bishop Pike to suggest a new approach to the problem or the possibility of the elimination of difficulties involved—which is to say that at the present time we are exactly where we have always been.

"One other element needs to be stressed," Bishop Kennedy continued. "There are a large number of churchmen who are committed to closer cooperation but are not at all enthusiastic about organic union that would make a Protestant church top heavy with administration and machinery. Certainly we believe in the value of the variety of our tradition, while at the same time we want to consider every proposal leading to increasing Christian cooperation."

Dr. Willis Tate, president of Southern Methodist University, Dallas, Tex., a layman, observed, "It is heartening and challenging that on the eve of the Assembly of the National Council of Churches, Dr. Eugene Blake and Bishop James Pike should propose a dramatic unification of denominations. It is not a hope or idle dream, but a specific, even if a nonofficial proposal, with method spelled out.

"To me," he added, "it is evident that we are not now ready for the solution to the problems posed, but certainly such bold exploration serves to demonstrate how far we have come, and what a resevoir of mutual trust we have built up in the ecumenical movement."

Dr. John A. Marvin of Adrian, Mich., editor of the *Michigan Christian Advocate,* asserted that, "The Methodist Church has always looked with favor upon moves toward greater unity

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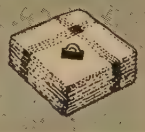

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Mrs. Dessie Kilmer, 100, Lorain, Ohio.

Capt. Joshua H. Hudson, 100, Wyoming, Del.

Mrs. Martha Hamman, 101, Jersey Shore, Pa.

Names of other Methodists 100 or older and not previously published will be listed as received from readers—but please allow two months for publication.

among the churches. In principle w favor it. The difficulties come whe we try to work out details. These tak years. Dr. Blake's proposal was wel said and in a fine Christian spirit."

Dr. Theodore Palmquist of Washing ton, D.C., pastor of the Foundr Methodist Church, observed, "I think the idea is interesting, but I doub whether this was the time or place to announce it. We have much mor important business on hand to discuss in 'unity' than to dream about 'union.'

"Of course there is waste in our Protestant division, but our division is also our strength when we agree that no one has all the truth and we can learn from one another. Most combinations of churches or denominations never reach their expected goal of increased size, strength, and resources. The need of the Church is a new Christ-centered spirit and that does not come through machinery but through new motivations."

Dr. Finis Crutchfield, pastor of the Boston Avenue Methodist Church, Tulsa, Okla., had questions about the existing differences in interpretations of the denominations involved. He noted:

"Dr. Blake's proposal provides several helpful contributions to the lively dialogue that must continue among the churches. One may agree heartily with his suggestion concerning the flexibility of liturgical usages, the increased responsibility of the laity in the church structure, and practices related to ecclesiastical dress and titles. His exposition of the fact that a catholic understanding of the sacraments does not imply clerical control is extremely valuable.

"The proposition, however, runs into difficulties in the area in which recent discussions seem to founder: the area of ecclesiology. Dr. Blake professes no

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to adopt any particular theory of succession, but proceeds then to adopt one, and suggests ceremonies that would ultimately fix on the church a mechanical theory of unity and succession.

"Dr. Blake's recognition of possible new forms with which an eternally re-creating God can startle us leaves us hopeful that he will elaborate. No proposition for union can ever go very far that leaves unanswered the major questions in this area."

Dr. Dow Kirkpatrick, Atlanta, Ga., pastor of St. Mark Methodist Church, believes that "the proposal by Dr. Blake has struck the American Christian community with a vital freshness. The Methodist Church will undoubtedly want to move swiftly to express our openness to all such proposals. It must not be overlooked that our Methodist Church, along with many denominations, has been at work in the area of reunion through our Commission on Church Union for many years."

The four denominations involved in the proposal have 18,311,587 members, 41,802 clergymen and 63,581 churches.

The Rt. Rev. Arthur Lechtenberger, presiding bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church, said in response to a question about the proposal that "it is of tremendous importance for the whole Church. . . . A plan of this proportion and depth will, I hope, be studied most carefully by our church and a positive response made."

Dr. Fred Hoskins of New York City and Dr. James E. Wagner of Philadelphia, co-presidents of the United Church of Christ, said in a joint statement that though they could not speak officially for their denomination, they felt that the General Synod of the United Church would give "careful and thoughtful consideration" to the invitation to plan a union with Methodists, Episcopalians, and Presbyterians.

The two leaders also requested that the Disciples of Christ be included in the planning stages of negotiation, since the United Church of Christ "is committed to begin preliminary conversation" with this body, probably in 1961.

The United Church of Christ itself is the product of a union still in process between the General Council of the Congregational Christian Churches and the Evangelical and Reformed Church. Although the two groups came together in 1957, they do not expect to ratify a constitution for the United Church until July, 1961.

Moves toward greater unity of program were major accomplishments during the NCC Assembly meeting. It adopted a message to the 33-member churches reaffirming the assembly's theme, *Jesus Christ is Lord of All Life*, and noted "with satisfaction" the increased lay participation in programs of churches and councils.

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1-3—Annual meeting, Methodist Board of Hospitals and Homes, and annual convention, National Association of Methodist Hospitals and Homes, Municipal Auditorium, Kansas City, Mo.

7-10—Churchmen's National Seminar, Washington, D.C.

8-15—National Rehabilitation Seminar, Division of Temperance and General Welfare, Methodist Board of Christian Social Concerns, Washington, D.C.

12—Race Relations Sunday.

15—Ash Wednesday—Lent begins.

WSCS STUDY TOPICS: General Program—*What Is the Word?* by Dr. Georgia Harkness; Circle Program—*The Lord's Prayer*, by Mrs. Edwin B. White.

Council's concern with submerged peoples in many parts of the world and in the U.S., affirming that the church must always be their friend.

The message also called for greater evangelistic endeavors, reaffirmed the church's right to speak on issues confronting man, and called for the elimination of racial discrimination within the church and support for those witnessing in difficult places of racial disturbance.

The assembly named J. Irwin Miller, a Disciples of Christ layman of Columbus, Ind., as its new president. The first layman to become president of the NCC, Miller succeeds Dr. Edwin T. Dahlberg of St. Louis.

Two of the new vice-presidents are Methodist leaders—Bishop John Wesley Lord of the Washington Area, and Mrs. J. Fount Tillman of Lewisburg, Tenn., president of the Woman's Division of the Methodist Board of Missions.

Bishop Lord also will serve as the vice-chairman of the board of the NCC.

In one of the assembly's major addresses, Bishop G. Bromley Oxnam, retired Methodist bishop, declared that if Christian witness is effective in social and personal practice, there is no valid reason for revolution by violence. He asserted that Christian witness must express itself in deed and in the act through which competent Christians give life to the Christian ideal.

In a "State of the Churches" report to the assembly, Dr. Roy G. Ross, NCC general secretary, noted that "the health of the church has never been better." He said a rising tide of religious interest in the U.S. is evident in statistics which show church membership at an all-time high, church building booming at a billion dollar annual rate, and a high level of participation in church activities by laymen.

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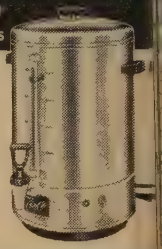

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r Force Chaplain Retires

Col. Charles I. Carpenter, Protestant let chaplain at the U.S. Air Force ademy in Colorado since 1958, has ired after 25 years of military serv- and assumed the pastorship of Ave- nue Methodist Church in Mil- ford, Del.

Mr. Carpenter

About 500 Air Force officers at- tended a "com- mand dining-in" held in his honor at the Academy. During the event, Chaplain Carpen- ter was pre- sented the Air Force Commenda- n Medal in recognition of his out- nding service. Guest speaker was aj. Gen. Terrence P. Finnegan, chief Air Force Chaplains, a position Mr. rpenter once held.

lect Filipino Bishops

Philippine Islands Methodists have -elected Bishop José L. Valencia to a ird term as head of one of the two iscopal areas in the Philippines Cen- al Conference.

Heading the second area, created ter authorization was granted by the 960 General Conference, is Bishop ionisio Deista Alejandro who, in 1944, as the first Filipino Methodist elected the episcopacy.

Both will serve four-year terms.

CAMERA CLIQUE

amera Sketching: Last spring our art editor, ater-colorist Floyd Johnson, drove 1,500 iles over back roads in Mississippi, Alabama, nd Tennessee to capture the historical beauty f the Natchez Trace [see pages 37-44]. His quipment? Not the brushes, paint, and paper ou'd expect, but a light-metered Leica M3 nd a dozen rolls of 36-exposure Kodachrome. Stopping his car at picturesque spots once rod by buffaloes, Indians, and circuit riders, loyd kept his camera clicking. When he eturned to Chicago, he had a colorful record f everything he had seen. Then, using these undreds of slides to insure accuracy, he ecorded in water colors his impressions of utstanding historic sights along the Trace. loyd's now a disciple of camera sketching— n fact, he's almost as proud of his slides as e is of the water colors they helped him roduce. And for a painter, that borders on reason!

Here are photo credits for this issue:

Cover—Mrs. Dorothy Clarke Wilson • Page 3—UN • 14—David L. Hirsch • 19—John . Roe • 20—J. Walter Thompson Co. • 5-26—UNRWA • 37-38-39-40-43-44 All Bot.— loyd A. Johnson • 60 Top—Methodist Board f Christian Social Concerns • 68—RNS • 74— Viley Perry • 10-22-23-24-46-64-65-66-67-76-77-8—George P. Miller.

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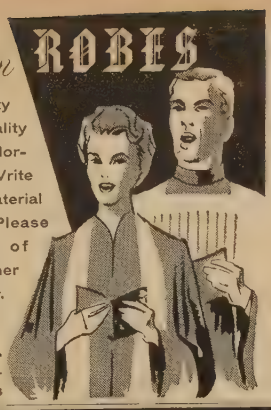

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FEEDING FIFTY:

Let's try Chess Pie

Tommie McFarland likes the recipe- and the Methodist Men love the pr

THE FIRST TIME somebody suggested a regular feature about food in TOGETHER, the men here just shook their heads. "When the rolls are served up yonder," said one, "we'll be there of course—but no recipes in TOGETHER, *please!*"

Yet they—and other men—were always complaining they were served the same thing at church dinners! And Methodist women often wrote us asking for new ideas in group feeding.

Then came a letter from Mrs. Daniel Bigelow, out in Olympia, Wash. She said people were still writing to ask for a booklet that described the super-efficient kitchen there at First Methodist Church—yet it had been mentioned only casually in TOGETHER [*How to Feed Hungry Methodists . . . in a Hurry,* February, 1958, page 26] two years ago.

"There!" I told my men co-workers. "You see, women will respond to a monthly feature on recipes, menus, and ideas—not family-sized ones they can get in other magazines, but ones that are right for church groups!"

They blinked, thought it over and now here is *Feeding Fifty*. It's offered —still on trial, as far as the gentlemen are concerned—as a kind of trading post where Methodist groups can exchange favorite recipes, menus, and serving ideas—perhaps share and solve other group feeding problems, too. We chose 50 as the quantity for recipes—it's practical for smaller gatherings, yet ingredients can easily be increased proportionately for larger groups.

We start *Feeding Fifty* with Chess Pie, a custard pie that originated in England and is a big favorite with people down in Georgia.

The recipe, which holds the secret for a wonderful crunchy, brown top, came from Helen Jenkins, director of food services at Methodist-related Emory University, in Atlanta. W asked church hostess Tommie McFa land to try it out on Methodist Me at the First Church in nearby Decatu Ga. It turned out perfectly, and wo unstinted praise from the men!

Here's how to make it for 50:

EMORY UNIVERSITY CHESS PIE

Cream together well 4 pound of granulated sugar, 6½ ounce of corn meal, and 1 pound ounces of butter. Add 5½ ounce of cake flour and again crea well. Add 1 pound 6 ounces o egg yolks, 2 quarts of milk, an 2 teaspoons of pure vanilla. Mi for a short while and let stand hour. Pour into six 10-inch pi shells. Bake at 425 degrees for 1 minutes, then lower oven to 37 degrees for about 35 minutes.

It's the corn meal, rising during bak ing, that makes the top crunchy.

Oh yes, the Decatur men also ha country-fried steak, mashed potatoes green peas, jellied salad, hot rolls, an coffee—all this (and Chess Pie, too for only $1.25!

By the way, when we rearranged ou storeroom here at TOGETHER recently we discovered a pile of booklets wit quantity recipes developed for the old *Christian Advocate* by home economist Judy Goddard. While they last, you can have a copy by sending us your name, address, and 25 cents to cover the cost of handling.

We'd also like to know about grou menus, special recipes, and serving ideas that your church group is proud of. Or maybe you would like to try out ideas that have scored in other churches.

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—SALLY WESLEY

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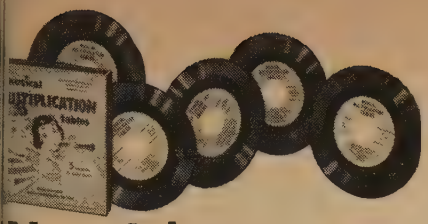

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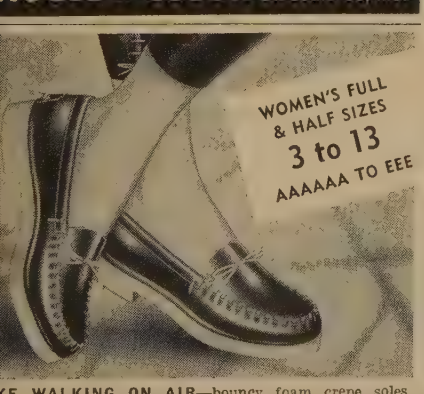

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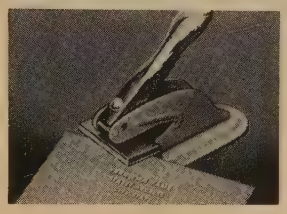

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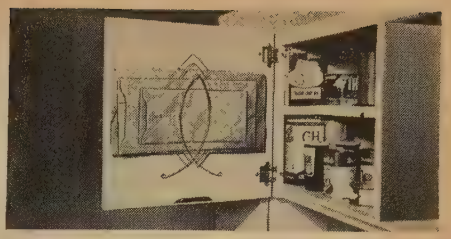

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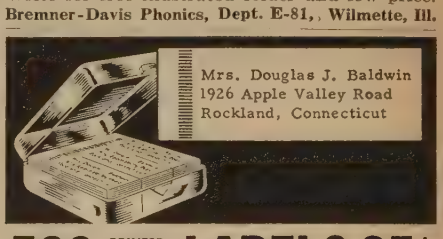

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With a smile, the Methodist pastor helps the rabbi prepare for Ron Altman's Bar Mitzvah.

BAR MITZVAH

. . . when a boy becomes a ma.

A sacred Jewish rite is held in California Methodist church wher the two faiths have shown tha understanding leads to brotherhoo

Symbolic of the two faiths together: a Christia cross with Judaism's scroll and Ark of Tora

NTERFAITH neighborliness that builds wholesome nmunity life has been at work in Palo Alto, Calif.— d simple hospitality started it. Six years ago, the First thodist Church, of which the Rev. R. Marvin Stuart pastor, offered to share its house of worship with ngregation Beth Am. This continued until a few eks ago, when their new synagogue was completed.

Worshiping in the same building, Christians and Jews ve been reminded afresh that they share many of the ne beliefs. Where theological differences do exist, otherhood was strengthened through understanding. d, once understood, differences often were transformed m opposites into parallels.

Such an analogy is dramatically illustrated by Method- n's reception of young people into church membership d the Jewish *Bar Mitzvah,* an ancient and beautiful nfirmation ceremony for boys who have reached the e of 13. (For girls, it's called *Bas Mitzvah.*) Held dur- g the Jewish Sabbath—sunset Friday to sunset Satur- y—it signifies that the boy has become a man respon- le for his own moral and religious conduct.

It being such an important moment in a boy's life, his tire family usually is present—as was true when these ctures were taken of Ron Altman's *Bar Mitzvah.* His rents, Ray and Lorraine, his sister, Leslee, and his andparents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Altman and Mr. and rs. L. C. Marcus, all participated.

The ceremony began with prayers and responsive adings led by Rabbi Irving Mandel. Then Ron, flanked his father and grandfathers, approached the Ark of e Torah, a cabinetlike container resting on the altar. it were large, handwritten scrolls. The rabbi removed ne, covered in blue velvet decorated with a great silver tar of David, symbol of the faith.

In a firm, clear voice, Ron read from the scroll in

Ron's mother lights the Sabbath candles; his sister stands by with a prayer book.

Wearing a prayer shawl, Ron turns to face his father. The older man will hand him the scroll which signifies acceptance of Jewish law.

He's only a boy of 13, but manfully now he steps to the pulpit and reads in a clear voice from the Hebrew Torah (the Five Books of Moses).

After the ceremony, the family gathers to feast. Ron holds the kiddush cup, which contains wine blessed in a prayer of sanctification for the Sabbath.

Flanked (below) by his father and the rabbi, Ron reads aloud in Hebrew from the scroll. Both grandfathers (foreground) listen with pride.

Hebrew. When he finished, it was swathed again in i colorful jacket. Ron's father then took it and faced h son in the solemn moment of *baruch shepetarani,* wh he enjoined the boy to walk in manliness. Receiving t scroll from his father, Ron affirmed his Jewish manhoo He replaced the scroll in the ark and was kissed on t cheek by his grandfathers. The rabbi blessed the famil

Then Ron stepped to the pulpit. He chanted a benedi tion in Hebrew and read in English a portion from th prophetic writings. Then he thanked his parents an religious leaders for helping him prepare for the *Ba Mitzvah.* After that, the president of the congregatio presented Ron with a prayer book.

The ceremony over, the family gathered in Fir Church's fellowship hall for a feast. It concluded a da pervaded by the spirit of Micah 6:8, which declares:

He has showed you, O man, what is good; and wh does the Lord require of you but to do justice, and t love kindness, and to walk humbly with your God?

This ceremony was one of the last held by Jews i their Methodist-church home before they moved to thei new synagogue. But the guests have left many reminder of their gratitude—substantial contributions to the fun for a new Methodist sanctuary, for example, and gifts o flower urns and candelabra for the new chancel. Mor important, six years of worshiping in the same buildin have built firm friendships between Christians and Jew —bridges of brotherhood for Palo Alto's future.

THROUGHOUT CHRISTENDOM, Lent is a time for facing spiritual realities. The cross, painted by a young Nashville artist, is presented here as a vibrant reminder of the great sacrifice and of the resurrection—a symbol of Christian dedication. May we have a worshipful Lent.

Entire families might be uplifted this holy season if they knew that *someone* sensed their spiritual needs. This Lent, why not extend *your* ministry to neighbors and family by giving gift subscriptions to Methodism's own inspirational TOGETHER? A gift card appears in this issue.

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